Lillie Pozer 1898

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIII., No. 50. MONTREAL DECEMBER 16, 1898. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

PEACE UPON EARTH

Yes, it's a wonderful story, dears,
How the Christ-child came to earth,
And we know no songs half sweet enough
To celebrate His birth.

For His coming meant so very much
To a dark world lost in sin;
God opened the gates from the heavenly world,
And His glory and love shone in.

The light that fell on the shepherds then,
The star that guided the seers,
Were only types of the blessed beams
That have shone through all the years.

And everywhere that they touched the hearts
Of the erring sons of men
They softened hatred and banished strife
And brought them to God again.

So will it be as the days go by,
For over all the earth
The kingdom of love and peace shall come
That with our Lord had birth.

—'Child's Paper.'

A Mutual Admiration Society.

ONE OF THE RIGHT KIND.

(By Leander S. Keyser.)

Three women were sitting in Mrs. Hilton's parlor one afternoon discussing church matters. A fruitful subject for discussion, sometimes pleasant and sometimes otherwise. In the present instance it belonged to the 'otherwise' class; at least, that was partially the case.

Mrs. Hilton was the hostess, and her two visitors were Mrs. Leyday, a member of the same church, and Mrs. Lee, who lived in another city. This is what Mrs. Hilton was saying when the story-writer chanced to overhear her remarks from his magician's corner of the room:

'Yes, the Franklin street church is a great church.' There was a good deal of scorn in her tones.

'Ha! ha!' laughed Mrs. Leyday, in a patronizing way. 'It's a peculiar church; indeed it is!'

'In what respect is it peculiar?' inquired Mrs. Lee.

'Why, the members spend a large part of their time in saying nice things about one another,' Mrs. Hilton replied, with a curl of her lips.

'Ah! indeed?'

'Yes, they've formed a kind of "mutual admiration society,"' scoffed Mrs. Leyday.

'Well, that may be a good thing or a bad thing, according to the motives of the people who form it,' moralized Mrs. Lee, her fine, womanly face breaking into a smile. 'If it is real admiration and love that move them, there could be no objection to such a church or society. Of course, if the object is mere flattery and the passing of pretty compliments, the purpose is not a worthy one. You see, everything depends upon the intention.'

By this time the other ladies were looking rather sober.

'Well, one thing is sure,' snapped Mrs. Hilton; 'we don't have any "mutual admiration society" in our church.'

'No, indeed!' echoed Mrs. Leyday.

'By the way,' said Mrs. Lee, as if introducing a new theme, 'how do the members of the Franklin street church get along with one another? Are they harmonious?'

'Oh, yes,' replied Mrs. Hilton. 'They admire one another so much, you see; that's the kind of a church it is. The people are always and forever passing compliments on one another. Of course, that makes them chummy and affectionate.'

'Like kittens in a nest,' put in Mrs. Leyday.

'And do they do much Christian work?' Mrs. Lee asked.

'Well, yes, a good deal, I should say. Their church is building up, and they're giving a great deal to benevolent objects. I can't deny that.'

'And how about your own congregation?' Mrs. Lee went on, having begun to catechize her friends. 'You are not a mutual admiration society, you say. Are your members harmonious?'

'Well—ah—not exactly,' admitted Mrs. Hilton, reluctantly. 'There's a good deal of wrangling among our members. Several families are at sword's points, and there's more rivalry than there ought to be. Our minister, I'm afraid, has a hard time keeping the peace.'

Mrs. Lee merely smiled and suggested: 'Perhaps, then, you had better organize your church into a mutual admiration society.'

Both of the other ladies grew silent and thoughtful, and Mrs. Lee wisely refrained from pressing the moral too far. After her visitors had gone, Mrs. Hilton found the suggestion recurring again and again to her mind.

'I do believe that it would be a good idea,' she said to herself. 'In our church the spirit of criticism and nagging prevails. It destroys all our peace and love, and interferes with our activity. I wonder how it would be if we'd cultivate the spirit of appreciation a little more.'

The lesson sank deep into her heart, proving that a bow drawn at a venture may be effectual. During the afternoon she made a firm resolve, which she proceeded to carry out the next day when she went calling. Instead of joining in caustic criticisms of her fellow-members, she made apology for them, and tried to think of some commendable trait in their character, and spoke of that. One woman began to find fault with the president of the missionary society.

'She's as domineering as she can be,' averred the critic. 'I can't work with her any longer.'

'She may be a little headstrong,' Mrs. Hilton replied; 'but then think how faithful she is to the cause. Always working, always planning, always giving. There isn't another woman who does so much for St. Paul's as Mrs. Cushing does.'

'Why, you are quite a champion, Mrs. Hilton. But that's true; Mrs. Cushing is a very devoted woman. I don't know what St. Paul's would do without her.'

'And if she is sometimes a little domineering, her plans are always good, and she never fails to carry them out successfully.'

'Yes, that's true. I suppose we'd better help her more and criticise her less.'

At the next house Mrs. Hilton found a woman who was dissatisfied with her pastor.

'He hasn't called on me for six months,' she complained. 'I don't believe he cares for some of his people. I don't feel at home in the church any more.'

'Oh, Mrs. Bates, I hope you won't give up to that feeling,' said Mrs. Hilton, persuasively. 'Our pastor is kept very busy, I know he is. He has so much pastoral work to do in such a large congregation. Then think of the excellent sermons he preaches. Such sermons must require a great deal of study.'

'But hasn't he called on you oftener than once in six months?'

'He hasn't been in my house for nine months, but I wouldn't find fault with him on that account. He's a conscientious man, our pastor is, and I know he'll do all the pastoral work he can find time to do.'

'Well, maybe that is the best way to look at it,' the woman conceded.

'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Hilton, in her earnest way. 'If we want to get along harmoniously in our church we must look on the best side of everybody's character. Good-day, Mrs. Bates.'

'Thank you for your call; it has done me good,' was Mrs. Bate's parting word.

In another of her afternoon calls Mrs. Hilton found a man who felt grumpy about the official board of the church because, as he charged, they were not doing their duty. They failed to conduct the matters of the church on business principles, he said.

'They may not be perfect,' Mrs. Hilton admitted; 'but all of them, I believe, are good, honest and devoted men.'

'Oh! they're good men enough,' said the critic; 'but they're too slow and unbusinesslike.'

'I'll tell you what we'll do next year,' said Mrs. Hilton, smilingly; 'at the election we'll put you into the official board, and then we shall have church matters attended to in a businesslike way.'

'Me? Oh—ah—ahem! I couldn't accept such an office, Mrs. Hilton. I'm kept too busy with my own work. No, I couldn't think of it.'

'Are not all the members of the present board busy men?' questioned Mrs. Hilton, with sparkling eyes.

'Well—yes—I suppose they are.'

'Are they not as much pressed for time as you are, Mr. Bancroft?'

'Well—probably they are.'

'Suppose, then, that we try to appreciate and cheer their efforts, and help them all we can. That would be better than to find fault, don't you think so, Mr. Bancroft?'

'I believe you're right, Mrs. Hilton. I never looked at matters in that way. It's so much easier to criticise than to perform. Good-bye. Call again.'

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Hilton met Mrs. Leyday, who had also been calling on several of the members of the church.

'I've had a most delightful afternoon,' broke out Mrs. Leyday, her face beaming with smiles.

'Pleasanter than usual?' asked Mrs. Hilton, whose own face was aglow.

'Yes, indeed! You would scarcely believe me if I should tell you what I've been doing. Well, why don't you ask? I've been trying to form St. Paul's church into a 'mutual admiration society!" Think of that for a morbid old critic like me, Mrs. Hilton!'

'Why, that's just what I've been doing myself, and I've had the richest blessing of my life.'

'Oh! I'm so glad for what Mrs. Lee said yesterday. It was a deserved rebuke. We've been destroying our church's harmony and our own spiritual life by our caustic criticisms. Isn't it wonderful how much you can find to admire in everybody if you only look for good traits?'

'It's a fine art to do that, but it need not be a lost art in our church work,' said Mrs. Hilton, earnestly.

The two women continued their hopeful efforts, and a few days ago the story-writer, ensconced in his magician's corner, overheard the following dialogue:

'How is St. Paul's church prospering now?' asked one.

'Oh! St. Paul's?' replied the other, with a significant smile. 'St. Paul's is a genuine mutual admiration society; but she's prospering, no one can deny that. She seems to have taken on a new lease of life.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Spurgeon's Sermon In a Letter-Box.

In the 'Sword and Trowel' Mr. T. G. Owens remarks: 'While distributing Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, illustrated tracts, and cards, I dropped one of the sermons into a house letter-box, when the door was opened by a gentleman, who carried a small tray, on which stood two tumblers of smoking hot liquor, for two cab-men who stood by with their cabs. "Good-morning, sir," said I. "What is it?" he asked. "I was putting one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons into your letter-box, sir," I replied, Taking the sermon out of the box he read a few lines, and exclaimed, "Who ever saw a man putting sermons in letter-boxes at six o'clock in the morning?" "Oh, sir," I rejoined, "the devil's servants are busy at their evil work night and day, and Christ's servants should be equally active." A lady came to the door, to whom he handed the sermon, and repeated my words as if impressed with them. I gave the lady one of the cards entitled, "Trust Jesus," and proceeded with my work at the neighboring houses. The result of that conversation was, the intoxicating liquor was taken back into the house, and each of the cabmen received one of the sermons from me.'—'Christian Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Broken Window.

(Elizabeth Olmis in New York 'Ledger.')

One bright afternoon, a few days before Christmas, Max Brown hurried home from school. His clear, gray eyes were sparkling and the big dimple in his rosy cheek kept coming and going as he smiled at some pleasant thought. It was nearly a quarter of a mile from the brick school-house to his mother's cottage on the edge of the town, but the snow was packed hard, and his sturdy legs were used to running the whole distance. So it was but a few minutes before he burst into the cozy sitting-room, pulling off cap, mittens and comforter at the same time.

'Gently, Max, gently,' said Mrs. Brown, looking up from her sewing with a smile of welcome.

'Oh, mother! I'm too happy to think of manners this time,' he cried, laughing as he stepped back to shut the door. 'I met Mr. Harris on my way to school this noon, and he paid me the milk money he has owed us so long, and which we never expected to get. Four dollars and twenty-five cents. See! Isn't it good to look at? And now, mother, we can buy the sled for Jamie and the doll for Helen, can't we? And they won't have to go without some candy in their stockings Christmas morning. I tell you it was hard work to stay in school all the afternoon and work out fractions when I just ached to come home and let you know, but I managed to stick it out by keeping my hand in my pocket, feeling of the money. Aren't you glad, mother? Why don't you say something?'

A dimple to match his own came into his mother's cheek. She smiled in such a significant way that Max laughed merrily.

'Oh, I see! Well, you shall have a chance now. Wasn't it fine of Mr. Harris to remember to pay us just before Christmas?'

Mrs. Brown thought of a boy who had been obliged to go several weeks without warm stockings because of Mr. Harris's careless delay in settling his small account. But she did not cloud the boy's joy by alluding to it then.

'Yes, Max, I am truly glad that the money came in at this time.'

'Can't we go downtown now and get the things, mother?' was his next question. 'The children are coasting down East Hill, and won't be home till dark.'

His mother glanced at the sun wading through the snow, far down the western sky and then at the work on her lap.

'I must send this dress home to-night, Max. I have promised it. To-morrow I shall be busy every minute, but Saturday morning, the first thing after breakfast, we will go.'

Max could not help feeling and looking disappointed, but he said, quite cheerfully:

HE OPENED THE ENVELOPE AND TOOK OUT THE NOTE IT. CONTAINED.

'All right, mother. I'll put the money in your trunk.'

As he came out of the bedroom and started to attend to his nightly chores, Mrs. Brown said:

'How was it with you and Phil to-day, my son?'

'Oh, he was just as mean as ever,' replied Max, in a tone of disgust.

'And you?'

There was a moment's silence.

'I—I—mother! There's no use trying to be nice to him. Some people are so horrid and sneaky that they ought not to be treated decently, and Phil Carter is one of them.'

The boy spoke with an angry vehemence that shocked his mother.

'Max!'

'Well, I can't help it; it's true, mother. I've never told you half the mean things he's done, and he's sharp enough to get somebody else blamed. He bullies the little boys and he cheats in lessons, and——'

'That will do, my son,' said Mrs. Brown, gravely. 'I'd rather hear what Maxwell Brown does to help this poor boy overcome his faults.'

Max flushed up.

'It's easy enough for you to sit here at home and think of making Phil Carter a good boy, but if you were at school with him every day you'd soon find out, just as I have, that it isn't any use. I—I—don't believe even you could be patient with him if you were a boy. I don't, truly, mother.'

Mrs. Brown could not help smiling at this opinion, given with so much decision, and Max ran off, glad to be rid of the hateful subject of Phil Carter.

The next afternoon the sitting-room door was again burst open and Max rushed in. This time there was no radiance in the clear, gray eyes, no smile on his lips. He threw himself on the lounge, hiding his face in its cushions and shaking it with heavy sobs.

'Why, Max, my dear boy, what is it?' cried his mother, alarmed. 'What has happened?'

She kneeled beside him with her hand on his thick, curly hair.

'I've got—to—take all the—the—m-money to pay for a broken w-win-win-dow,' he burst out, and then he sobbed harder than ever.

Mrs. Brown put both arms around him and drew his head close to her breast for a moment.

'Now, tell mother all about it,' she said.

In a short time he quieted down enough to do so as follows:

'After school all of us boys went over to Pond Common to have a snowball match with the boys of No. 8 school. We beat them, and on the way home we were throwing some balls at each other just for fun. All of a sudden there was a great crash of broken glass, and the first thing I knew the boys had run away and a man had hold of my arm.

"Here, you young rascal," he said," "my master wants you," and he began to pull me along.

I held back as hard as I could.

'"I didn't do it!" I cried, getting angrier every minute. "Let me go!"

'But he was as strong as an ox, and I couldn't get away. We went up the steps of one of those fine houses in Totten Street, those old houses, you know, with big yards, where rich people live, and into a beautiful room. There were lots of pictures and books and a bright fire on the hearth. I noticed all this before I saw an old gentleman standing by the window.

'"Here he is," said the man, who still had me by the arm.

'"You may go, James."

'The old gentleman stood with his arms folded like the pictures of Napolean Bonaparte. His eyes were very blue, and as keen as swords. He was tall and straight and splendid-looking. At last he said:

'"Did you break my window?"

'"No sir. I am sure I did not. I wasn't throwing this way," I replied.

'"What is your name?" he asked me.

'When I answered "Maxwell Hugo Brown," such a strange thing happened. He got as white as anything, and his eyes were all watery. He put his hand under my chin and looked at me ever so long. Then he drew a great, deep breath and stood up very straight and asked me where I lived and all about you and everything. And then he wanted to know about the snow ball, and I

told him I knew I didn't break the window because I was only throwing soft snow at Billy Fenn on the other side of the street, and what do you suppose he said?

'"I know you didn't do it. I saw the boy who threw the ball, and I want you to tell me his name. He was a tall boy, with a black cap and a green comforter.'

'I knew in a minute, then, that it was Phil Carter, and I remembered like a flash hearing him dare Tom Scott to smash "Richy's" window. The old gentleman asked me again to tell him the name of the boy, and I said that I could not. Then he wanted to know the reason, and I didn't tell him that, either. He seemed to get very vexed, then, and said that I must bring him the money for the window by Saturday night, and that it would be five dollars. I'll have to pay it all, for my crowd of boys, except Billy, had left us at the corner, and Phil's crowd are no good. Besides, I couldn't ask them for it, but, oh! mother, isn't it hard?'

'Did the old gentleman tell you his name, Max?' asked his mother, in such a strange voice that he looked at her quickly.

'No, but I know his house, and I'd know him, too, anywhere.'

'Perhaps if you tell him that you need the money so much for the children's Christmas, he will let you earn another five dollars during the vacation.'

Max sprang up in delight at this suggestion.

'I never thought of that! I'll go over there the first thing after breakfast. Oh, if he only would! Mother, you're a splendid comforter!'

Bright and early next morning Max, with the precious five dollars carefully tucked away in his jacket pocket presented himself at the fine house in Totten street. Cap in hand, his boyish face flushed and eager, he stood before the old gentleman and made his request. A few questions brought out the whole story of the delayed milk bill, the barren Christmas in prospect for the children, the joy at the receipt of the money, the bitter disappointment which would be occasioned by its loss.

'Where is your father?' asked the old gentleman, sharply.

'He died out West four years ago, sir.'

'Why did you come back here?'

'Mamma came here because papa lived here when he was a boy, and he always said the schools were so good.'

'Do—do you know anything of your grand parents?'

'Mother's father and mother both died long ago. I don't know about my father's,' answered Max.

'Have you the money with you?'

'Yes, sir,' said Max, his voice faltering. Could it be that he must pay it after all? He made one more appeal.

'Oh, sir, couldn't you please let me wait till just after the holidays? I will earn it. You don't know how I want to get the things for Jamie and our little sister.'

'You might have told me who broke the window. It isn't too late yet. Who was it?'

The boy's face grew white and scarlet by turns. The temptation was a strong one, but it was met and conquered.

'I cannot tell you, sir,' he said.

'Is he a great friend of yours?'

A look of contempt crossed Max's face.

'I think he's the meanest boy I ever saw. I've no use for him, but he's a poor boy, and has to help take care of his lame brother, and—and—I—I can't tell on him, sir.'

Max was gazing into the fire as he said this, and so missed seeing a great flash of pride and tenderness which lighted up the stern features of the old gentleman at his words.

'I'll write you a receipt,' he said, stepping to his desk.

So it was all over, and Max walked home, very stiff and proud, in spite of a swelling heart. He found his mother in the kitchen.

'He took it, mother,' he exclaimed; 'he wouldn't wait. I shouldn't think he'd enjoy the five dollars much. I told him that the children wouldn't have any Christmas. I'm glad I'm poor. I'd rather be a poor boy any day than a rich old man with such a hard heart—why, how queer!'

The sudden change from bitterness of tone to extreme surprise almost startled Mrs. Brown.

'See, mother, he's made a mistake! He's signed my name to the receipt instead of his own,' and he showed her the receipt which he had pulled from his pocket and read for the first time:

'Forrestdale, Dec. 22.

'Received of Maxwell Hugo Brown five dollars in full payment for one broken pane of glass.

'MAXWELL HUGO BROWN.'

Max was astonished to see his mother turn pale and sit down very quickly. She looked at him in a curious way, and seemed about to speak, but did not do so.

'Are you sick, mother?'

'N—no, Max. Put it away, and don't feel hard toward him. Remember that he is an old man, and perhaps carries a heavy heart.'

'But will it be all right when he has signed the wrong name?' Max inquired, in some anxiety.

'Yes. Don't worry about it, dear.'

Something in her manner kept him from asking any more questions. He put the receipt with others they had and went out to try to get a job. It was dark when he came back. The children were in bed. His mother had a hot supper ready for him. He laid a small package on the table.

'I've sawed a cord of wood and earned a dollar and bought some candy and nuts and a tin horn and a little doll,' he said briefly. He looked tired and worn out, and ate his supper almost in silence. He noticed that his mother had been crying, although she spoke cheerfully.

'And I've a pair of mittens for each of them, and Mrs. Graham sent in a great dish of apples. You can pop some corn, and we'll have a merry Christmas yet, my boy. We'll try to forget all the hard things for one day and remember only our blessings, won't we, dear?'

Max's dimple came out to meet hers in spite of himself. He threw both arms around her neck and kissed her lovingly.

'A boy with such a dear little mother ought to be ashamed to get discouraged. Yes, we'll have a merry Christmas in spite of old——'

He checked himself just in time, and making a wry face with a laugh behind it, he got his package and displayed his purchases.

Sunday was always a day of rest at the Brown cottage. Monday Max worked every minute of daylight, but only earned fifty cents. This he did not spend, but brought home to his mother. The next day was Christmas, so before he went up to bed he helped her put the few little things in the children's stockings.

When he came down from his little room under the roof the following morning and entered the sitting-room he could hardly believe his eyes. It seemed to him that there were bundles everywhere, big and little, and of all sizes and shapes. Upon the topmost of those on the table lay an envelope addressed to himself. Speechless with amazement, he stood staring at it.

'Why don't you read it, dear?' asked Mrs. Brown, who had come in unperceived by him and whose face shone with happiness, 'but first let me wish you a merry, merry Christmas, my darling, brave boy.'

She kissed him while he stood half bewildered. At last he opened the envelope and took out the note it contained. This is what he read:

'Maxwell Hugo Brown's best love and a merry Christmas to his noble, manly grandson, Maxwell Hugo Brown, second.

'Please accept, my dear boy, a few Christmas gifts for the little ones in place of those your milk money would have bought; also a remembrance for your mother and one for yourself.

'You are all to dine at your father's old home, eating your Christmas turkey with his father. The carriage will call for you at two o'clock.

'No. 28 Totten street, Dec. 25.'

The look of incredulity on Max's face deepened as he turned to his mother without a word.

'Yes, Max, he is your own grandfather. Years ago he was very hard and unjust to your father. He is sorry for it now, and wishes us all to come and live with him. He was here a long time yesterday, and sent these things. Your note came this morning. You have won his heart, Max—his whole, lonely heart. You are his namesake. I hope you will love him.'

'Love him!' exclaimed Max, the quick color coming to his cheeks. 'I guess I do! How can I help it when he's so good to us? Then that was his own name signed to the receipt, after all, wasn't it?' he cried, excitedly.

'Yes, I suspected it, but I thought I wouldn't say anything until I was sure.'

Then the children came in, and the packages were opened amid shouts of joy and delight. Toys and candies and books and a great Christmas cake and a pretty dress for 'mother,' besides many other things, were displayed one after another. Max's most valued gift was a five-dollar gold piece. Next to this came a pair of skates.

'Aren't they beauties, mother? They're the very best kind. Phil told us how to tell good skates, and—oh!—' There was a moment's hesitation as a thought flashed into his mind, then a splendid light came into the gray eyes. 'Mother, I'd like to give these skates to Phil Carter. He don't have any Christmas, and he hasn't any skates at all. I know my grandfather won't care. May I, mother?'

Scarcely waiting for her consent, he wrapped them up and was off.

He nearly tumbled over Phil himself, who stood on the kitchen doorstep.

'Oh!' he said, 'we didn't hear you knock. I was just coming over to your house, Phil, to give you these skates for a Christmas gift. We have found our grandfather, and he's been so kind. Take them, won't you, Phil! they're beauties!'

'I—I—I—was jest comin' over to tell ye thet—thet I broke thet window, an'—an'—

'Oh, I know that,' interrupted Max, to Phil's great astonishment, 'and it's all paid for. It was a mean trick, Phil. I told mother the other day that I thought you were the meanest boy I ever saw—but—I guess you won't be any more. I'll—I'll try to help you, Phil.'

He thrust the skates into his arms and went back into the house, leaving poor Phil in a daze. He looked at the skates as he walked slowly out of the yard.

'Whew!' he exclaimed, his eyes glistening with admiration, 'they are beauties, sure enough, an' Max Brown's a trump!' Then something that was not admiration glistened in his eyes, as he added, in a softened tone, 'Ef he'll help me, I'll try. You bet!'

The Christmas Stranger.

(Susan Teall Perry in 'American Messenger.')

'If you come to the city this week you can get a place in one of the stores. They always have to get extra help at Christmas-time,' Aunt Augusta wrote to her niece, Helen Thompson.

Helen read the letter in the village post-office, and her face was full of happiness as she hastened to her home at the end of the street.

'Aunt Augusta wishes me to go as soon as I can, mother,' she said to the sweet-faced woman who met her at the door. 'I will start to-morrow.'

The mother looked very sorry, as mothers will when children are going away from them for the first time.

'So soon, dear!' she exclaimed, as she took the open letter in her hand.

'I am sorry to leave you, mother dear,' the young girl said, 'but after I get started in the city you must come too.'

There were a number of preparations to make for Helen's journey, and mother and daughter were very busy the rest of the day.

Early in the morning, just as daylight began to come into the window, Helen's brother Willis was strapping his sister's trunk. She was putting on her ulster, for the stage would be at the door in five minutes.

'Now, Willis,' she said, 'you will be very thoughtful for mother, and a great comfort to her, I know, and by-and-by I hope we will all get together in the city. But you must keep at school this winter and learn all you can.'

'It will be awful lonesome after you go away,' said Willis, in a choked voice, 'but I will do the very best I can, I promise you.'

'If we do the best we can, the Lord will help us. There comes the stage.'

With the mother's loving kiss and tender embrace, Helen passed out of the only home she had ever known.

Aunt Augusta was at the Grand Central station to meet her, and a horse-car soon brought them to the place where Aunt Augusta lived. Up one flight of stairs, and then another, and so on, until they came to the top floor. Helen was completely out of breath, and she said, 'I do not see how you can stand this climbing, Aunt Augusta.'

'Oh, I'm used to it, and you will soon get used to it too, child,' and she passed on and unlocked the door at the end of the hall.

It was a small room that Helen followed her aunt into, but it was in perfect order. Aunt Augusta ate and slept in that room, and it seemed close enough quarters for one person, and now there were to be two to live in it. It puzzled Helen to imagine where she should put her things; but Aunt Augusta had learned the art of economy of room, as well as of other things, and it was surprising how soon she had found places for her guest's belongings.

'Wages are small,' she explained, 'and to live within one's income requires a great deal of invention here in the city.'

A situation in one of the stores had been found for Helen; so her aunt took her that very afternoon to the manager's office, who gave her a place at the notion counter. It seemed strange to Helen to be in such a large store, and the noise and confusion were very different from the quiet life she had hitherto led. However, she was very quick at learning new ways, and her mind was soon engrossed in her business. There was no time for thinking.

Two weeks of very busy days and weary nights passed, for Helen's new work, with the responsibility and excitement, affected her nervous system, so that at first she could not sleep as she had done at home. She was too tired to sleep, Aunt Augusta said; but that was the busy season, and by-and-by it would not be so hard.

The day before Christmas came, and such a rush as there was at Helen's counter! She had no time for luncheon. It was 'Cash! cash! cash!' every moment. She was feeling very weary, when two young girls, plainly but richly dressed, came to her counter. They were such pleasant and sweet-faced girls that it was a delight to wait on them; so many people had been cross and trying that afternoon. Christmas shopping is very wearing, especially the last day, when so much must be crowded into so little time.

While Helen was telling the merits of this and that article which the two young customers inquired about, everything seemed to whirl before her eyes, and all at once it was dark. She remembered nothing more until she found herself in one of the small suit-rooms, with the two sweet-faced girls bending over her. One was bathing her face and the other was rubbing her hands.

They had taken off their wraps, and the first things Helen's eyes rested on were the silver crosses, the badge of the 'King's Daughters,' which they wore. Helen had one on also, for she belonged to the 'King's Daughters' in her own village.

'I think I must have fainted,' she said. 'You are very kind to me. I feel all right, now, and I think I must go back to my counter. I might lose my place, you know.'

'Wait a little longer,' said one of the young girls. 'We will make it all right with the manager, for we know him.'

During the few moments of resting Helen told them about herself and the dear home she had left.

'Away from home at Christmas-time and a stranger!' one of the girls exclaimed. 'How homesick you must be!'

They both thought of their own beautiful homes, of the protectiton that was thrown around them, of the love that supplied all their daily needs and made life happy.

That night these two 'King's Daughters' planned a happy surprise for the 'Christmas stranger,' as they called Helen. At ten o'clock Christmas morning they came with a carriage and invited Helen to take a drive through Central Park. It was a bright, mild morning, and as Helen had never been in Central Park, it was a great treat to her. Then they drove to the home of one of the girls, where Helen received a sweet welcome from one of the loveliest mothers she had ever seen. A fine luncheon had been prepared, and Helen had a treat such as she had never before enjoyed.

When they took her to her aunt's room again, she said to them as she bade good-by, 'You have made me very happy to-day, my good friends. I had often thought how hard it must be to be cold and hungry, but I never knew what a hard thing it was to be a stranger, especially a stranger at Christmas-time, when everybody ought to be at home and happy with loved ones. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." The Lord will bless you both.'

You may be sure these city 'King's Daughters,' to whom the King had given so bountifully, did not lose sight of that child of his who was deprived of so many necessary things in life. They went to the store to see her every week or two, and bought something at her counter. After a few months of trial she was found so faithful and capable that she was promoted to a more responsible position with an increase of wages, which enabled her to send some money every week home to her mother. As soon as Willis finishes his school they hope to be a reunited family again.

The Travelling Clock-Mender's Story.

'At one time,' said Frederick Knight, the travelling English clock-maker with whose remarkable conversion many who read this sketch may be familiar, speaking in a vernacular that I shall not attempt to imitate, and talking rapidly, as if almost living the incidents over in the repetition: 'I noticed at a handsome mansion in the country an elegant French clock standing silent, opposite the grand entrance in the front hall.

'After I had repaired an old-fashioned tall corner clock, an heirloom, and set it running, I asked if I might look at the French clock.

'"Yes, of course," said the lady, in a hesitating manner; "but there is no use in your trying to make it run, for it cannot be done. It is a clock with a history. It has been in our family a good many years, having been brought from Paris by my grandfather; but it has never told us the time for an hour since its arrival in this country."

'"It is out of temper," I said, "or homesick, perhaps. I fancy I can coax it to go.'

'"That is what they all say," said the lady, "but I will not refuse to let you look it over, it will simply add one more to the list of baffled mechanics."

'"Thank you," I said, lifting the clock from its pedestal, and setting it upon the table as if it were eggs, and proceeding to take off the face, the lady standing by me and regarding me attentively, until I exclaimed,

'"What ails the thing? It seems all right?"

'"That is what they all say," laughed the lady; "and not one can put mechanical life into the complicated arrangement."

'"If I can't fix it, I won't ask you anything for my time," I said. "But my fingers just itch to get hold of it and take it to pieces."

'"Very well," said the lady, "if you can make that clock run we shall think it little less than a miracle; although," she added slowly, "none of us believe in miracles, or in God either, for that matter,"

'"That is a great loss to you, madam—a great loss," I said, and as I took the clock to pieces, I told her what the Lord had done for me, of my wayward life, of my conversion, and of all the wonderful way the Lord had led me since.

'She stood or sat by in her soft silk gown, listening quietly and bringing no argument to combat me.

'"There," I said at length, "I have looked it all over and cleaned and oiled every part. Now, as I put it together I will sing you a hymn. I always like to sing a hymn as I set up a piece of work. Now when it begins to go the bell in the church steeple will play a chime, and then all the other wonderful things will follow on hour by hour; for a great many things can this clock do.'

'"Yes," she said, "that is what the clock doctors always say. I have seen this clock taken to pieces and put together so many times that I think I could do it myself, but none of the men have sung a hymn, so I shall be glad to have you sing."

'Nice in her to say that wasn't it? Oh, she was a real lady, and a fine voice had I at that time of my life, so I worked and sang: "When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there, I'll be there."

'I sang it over and over until the last pin was put in place, and then I said, "Now we shall see what we shall see," and I pushed back the pendulum; but the old clock would not tick and would not go.

'I was astonished, and the dear lady could not help smiling; but she said at once, for

she was a real lady, "Excuse me, please; but this same thing has been gone through with so many times that I had no hope even that your efforts would prove successful. I suppose it is not a perfect piece of work."

'"Oh, yes it is," said I; "it is a beautiful bit of mechanism. It was made to go, and it can go, and it must go."

'"Has it ever run, do you think?"

'"There is no sign of wear; but I shall ask the Lord to show me how to start it, and I think he will."

'Oh I wouldn't bother," she said, looking at me a little anxiously, I thought: so, I said quietly,

'"You fancy I am a little 'off,' as they say, about religious matters, but I am not. The Lord is very near to me, as he desires to be to all poor mortals. I shall ask him to show me how to adjust these works."

'"I wonder how the Lord of the universe could be approached about such a small matter,' she said; and I replied,

'"Not a sparrow falleth without his notice, and the hairs of your head are numbered'; then, dropping on my knees, I said,

'"Dear Father in heaven, I know you hear me. You gave me my love for mechanics. You have allowed me to go from village to village and from house to house in England for fifteen years mending clocks, and you have never allowed me to make a failure. Now, Lord, that I have become your child, you will increase my knowledge that your name may be glorified."

'I arose from my knees and said to the lady, "Please let this clock stand here until morning, when I will come in and set it running."

'It was nearly dark as I walked along the pleasant country roadway, breathing the sweet summer air and listening to the glad summer sounds and loving God, who had made the earth so beautiful, when all at once my mind flew back to the clock, and I saw where a set of little wheels that controlled the movement needed re-adjusting.

'"That is it," I said. "Probably it was never set up properly." I turned about, praising his holy name, and, going to my boarding-place, ate my supper and went to bed.

'In the morning I presented myself at the house. The lady was sitting in the porch writing, but she gave me a cheerful good-morning and went with me into the hall.

'It took me only a short time to re-adjust the wheels, then I pushed back the pendulum, and it began to tick-tack, tick-tack, just as regular as it was intended to do when it was made.

'For some time we sat in silence watching it. It struck the quarter, then, at the hour, the chime in the church steeple rang. It was a wonderful clock; at each hour there was something interesting, and the lady said,

'"I can neither believe my eyes nor my ears. If the Lord indeed gave you light to do this thing, then, indeed, I believe the Lord."

'That was years ago, and that clock is running still. I always call at the house when I make my regular rounds, and the lady, who is now a believer with all her family, makes me welcome; but when I start to go she says,

'"God speed you; go and testify for Christ all your appointed days." '—Annie A. Preston, in 'Advocate and Guardian.'

'Has the Maine law suppressed the drinking houses and tippling shops?' No more than the statutes have stopped house-breaking or arson in any state. But it has outlawed such places and driven them into cellars and dark corners and taken the seal of state sanction from off the business.—'Detroit Free Press.'

The Turning Point—A Ture Story.

(By Clara H. Rennelson.)

We were sitting on the verandah in the June moonlight, and some one began to speak of the turning-points of life, of how often there comes a time in a boy's life when the next turn decides his whole future, and how fortunate, if at this point the floodtide seems too strong, if there is a friend at hand to help him guide his course past the rocks and quicksands of temptation. The General remarked that he had an illustration of the subject—an experience of his own during the war.

'I was,' he said, 'entering the door of the recruiting office in H—— one day, just at the beginning of the war, when I met a tall, attractive-looking boy coming out. He looked so disconsolate and down-hearted that I could not resist the inclination to stop and ask him what was troubling him.

'"They won't take me," the boy said, in anything but a firm voice, and in the eyes looking into mine there were unmistakable tears.

'"Why?" I asked.

'"Because I am not old enough."

'"Never mind, my boy," I said. "This war will not be over in a month or two, as some people think. You go home and grow old as fast as you can, and your country will yet need you."

'His face and his earnestness interested me so much that I kept him in mind, and heard not long after that his war-fever had been so strong that he could not wait for the slow growing-old process, and so had enlisted as a drummer in one of our regiments. He became a great favorite, and had various experiences in camp and field. At the battle of Fort Macon he dropped his drum, seized the rifle of a comrade who fell beside him and was one of the first to enter the fort. But alas! just when his heart's desire seemed to be realized and he was to be a real soldier, his right hand was shot off. Almost heart-broken he was sent home.

'I still kept him in mind, and when his wound was healed made a place for him in the adjutant-general's office. With all his natural energy he went to work, and soon learned to write with his left hand. The same earnestness of nature and charm of manner which had first attracted me, made for him friends everywhere he went. He made acquaintances among the young people of the city and seemed to be much in demand. A favorite place of meeting was a well-known book-store near the office.

'One morning, as I went into my office, I found the chief of police waiting for me. "Well, Captain," I said, "I hope there is nothing wrong here. Surely there are none of us wanted."

'We were quite alone, and after satisfying himself that there was no one within hearing, he answered: "I never had an errand which went so terribly against the grain as mine this morning. I want Max."

'"Max! For what?"

'"Stealing."

'"I think this is a strange subject for joking!" I said, indignantly.

'"Joking!" he replied, "I wish to heaven I were joking. But he has stolen a number of articles from N——'s bookstore—purses, little books, knives, etc. N—— has missed these things and has undoubted proof that Max took them."

'For several minutes I was dazed, and could not think of what was best to be done. It seemed as if I could not have been more surprised had I been accused myself.

'"How many know this?" I asked, finally. "Is it not possible to keep it quiet and give him another chance?"

'"N—— was very angry, not only at the loss, but on account of misplaced confidence; but if you were to see him perhaps you could persuade him to let the matter drop, that is, if the articles are returned. No one knows about it except him and ourselves."

'"I would like to keep it quiet and avoid all suspicion that anything is wrong until we see Max. So if you will go over to N——'s, and talk to him I will follow soon with Max. I know this is very irregular, but I think I can safely promise to bring him all right."

'So it was arranged. The captain was in the habit of coming often to the office in connection with the affairs of the soldiers, so his visit to me would arouse no curiosity. I sent for Max and told him what I had heard. He stood as if turned to stone, and then broke down and confessed that the accusation was true. He had been left alone in that part of the store one night, and had been thinking how much he would like to give some of his young friends Christmas presents in return for all the kindness he had received. All at once came the sudden overwhelming temptation to slip into his pocket a number of the attractive little articles lying so conveniently near his hand; and the next moment the sad deed was done. He had been in misery ever since, and seemed relieved that I knew his sin, even when I told him how great was my disappointment, how I had counted upon his uprightness, and now that he had failed me I did not know whom I could trust.

'"Max," I said, after a period of silence, "I would like to give you another chance. If we can persuade Mr. N—— to keep the whole matter a secret and not prosecute you, I will also keep it quiet. All shall be as before if it is worth while. Have you enough strength of character, enough backbone, to make it worth while? If you cannot resist temptation when it comes again there is no use in taking trouble about you now; it is better for you to meet the punishment you have brought upon yourself."

'It went to my heart to see the hope come back to his face. It had been so despairing before. And, as we talked, that which gave me the most confidence was that his stinging sense of shame was not so much that he had been detected, as that he had sinned against the eternal law of right. There was an expression in his eyes which spoke more strongly than words, when I asked him if it were worth while to give him another chance.

'Together we went over to Mr. N——'s store. I knew it was harder for Max than facing the guns at Fort Macon, but he manfully made his confession and promised to make up the loss; in fact, he said, all the articles were in his room. We did not think best to make it all too easy for him, nor to make it seem that it was a small matter. Finally Mr. N—— promised to forgive him and to keep the matter a profound secret.

'"And, now, Max," I said, as we walked along, "I will excuse you from the office to-day. I think you would like to have this day for yourself. You want to think this matter all over—think how great has been your fall and how narrow your escape. Strengthen all the defences in your character to resist another attack, and look to your great Commander for fighting orders.'

'He could hardly control his voice as he said: "General, may God bless you for what you have done for me to-day. I do not like to seem too confident, but I feel that this is the turning-point in my life, and I hope never to disappoint you again."

'The next day he went on with his duties

THE EDITOR'S STORY.

Being a Fraction of 'In His Steps,'

BY CHAS. M. SHELDON.

Edward Norman, editor of the Raymond 'Daily News,' sat in his office room on Monday morning and faced a new world of action. He had, at a special meeting in his church, the day before, made a pledge in good faith to do everything after asking, 'What would Jesus do?' and, as he supposed, with his eyes open to all the possible results. But, as the regular life of the paper started on another week's rush and whirl of activity he confronted it with a degree of hesitation, and a feeling nearly akin to fear. He had come down to the office very early and for a few minutes was by himself. He sat at his desk in a growing thoughtfulness that finally became a desire which he knew was as great as it was unusual. He had yet to learn with all the others in that little company who were also pledged to do the Christlike thing, that the Spirit of Life was moving in power through his own life as never before. He rose and shut his door, and then did what he had not done for years. He kneeled down by his desk and prayed for the divine presence and wisdom to direct him.

He rose with the day before him and the promise distinct and clear in his mind. 'Now for action,' he seemed to say. But he would be led by events as fast as they came on.

He opened his door and began the routine of the office work. The managing editor had just come in and was at his desk in the adjoining room. One of the reporters there was pounding out something on a typewriter.

Edward Norman began an editorial. The 'Daily News' was an evening paper and Norman usually completed his leading editorial before eight o'clock.

He had been writing about fifteen minutes when the managing editor called out, 'Here's this press report of yesterday's prize-fight at the Resort. It will make up three columns and a half. I suppose it all goes in?'

Edward Norman was one of those newspaper men who keep an eye on every detail of the paper. The managing editor always consulted his chief in matters of both small and large importance. Sometimes, as in this case, it was merely a nominal inquiry.'

'Yes—No. Let me see it.'

He took the type-written matter just as it came from the telegraph editor, and ran over it carefully. Then he laid the sheets down on his desk, and did some very hard thinking.

'We won't run this in to-day,' he said finally.

The managing editor was standing in the doorway between the two rooms. He was astonished at the editor's remark and thought he had perhaps misunderstood him.

'What did you say?'

'Leave it out. We won't use it.'

'But — ' The managing editor was simply dumfounded. He stared at Norman as if the editor was out of his mind.

'I think, Clark, that it ought not to be printed, and that's the end of it,' said Edward Norman, looking up from his desk.

Clark seldom had any words with the chief. Norman's word had always been law in the office and he had seldom been known to change his mind. The circumstances now, however, seemed to be so extraordinary that Clark could not help expressing himself.

'Do you mean that the paper is to go to press without a word of the prize-fight in it?'

'Yes, that's just what I mean.'

'But, it's unheard of. All the other papers will print it. What will our subscribers say? Why, it's simply—' Clark paused, unable to find words to say what he thought.

Edward Norman looked at Clark thoughtfully. The managing editor was a member of a church of a different denomination from that of Norman's. The two men had never talked together on religious matters although they had been associated on the paper for several years.

'Come in here a minute, Clark, and shut the door,' said Norman.

Clark came in, and the two men faced each other alone. Norman did not speak for a moment. Then he said abruptly,

'Clark, if Christ were editing a daily paper do you honestly think he would print three columns and a half of prize fight in it?'

Clark gasped with astonishment. Finally he replied—'No, I don't suppose he would.'

'Well, that's my only reason for shutting this account out of the "News." I have decided not to do a thing in connection with the paper for a whole year that I honestly believe Jesus would not do.'

Clark could not have looked more amazed if the chief had suddenly gone crazy. In fact, he did think something was wrong, though Mr. Norman was one of the last men in the world, in his judgment, to lose his mind.

'What effect will that have on the paper?' he finally managed to ask in a faint voice.

'What do you think?' asked Edward Norman, with a keen glance.

'I think it will simply ruin the paper,' replied Clark promptly. He was gathering up his bewildered senses and began to remonstrate. 'Why, it isn't feasible to run a paper nowadays on any such basis. It's too ideal. The world isn't ready for it. You can't make it pay. Just as sure as you live, if you shut out this prize fight report you will lose hundreds of subscribers. It doesn't take a prophet to say that. The very best people in town are eager to read it. They know it has taken place, and when they get the paper this evening they will expect half a page at least. Surely, you can't afford to disregard the wishes of the public to such an extent. It will be a great mistake if you do, in my opinion.'

Edward Norman sat silent a minute. Then he spoke gently, but firmly.

'Clark, what in your honest opinion is the right standard for determining conduct? Is the only right standard for every one the probable action of Jesus? Would you say that the highest, best law for a man to live by was contained in asking the question, "What would Jesus do?" and then doing it regardless of results? In other words, do you think men everywhere ought to follow Jesus's example as close as they can in their daily lives?'

Clark turned red, and moved uneasily in his chair before he answered the editor's question.

'Why—yes—. I suppose if you put it on the ground of what they ought to do there is no other standard of conduct. But the question is, what is feasible? Is it possible to make it pay? To succeed in the newspaper business we have got to conform to the customs and the recognized methods of society. We can't do as we would do in an ideal world.'

'Do you mean that we can't run the paper strictly on Christian principles and make it succeed?'

'Yes, that's just what I mean. It can't be done. We'll go bankrupt in thirty days.'

Edward Norman did not reply at once. He was very thoughtful.

'We shall have occasion to talk this over again, Clark. Meanwhile, I think we ought to understand each other frankly. I have pledged myself for a year to do everything connected with the paper after answering the question, "What would Jesus do?" as honestly as possible. I shall continue to do this in the belief that not only can we succeed but that we can succeed better than we ever did.'

Clark rose. 'Then the report does not go in?'

'It does not. There is plenty of good material to take its place, and you know what it is.'

Clark hesitated.

'Are you going to say anything about the absence of the report?'

'No, let the paper go to press as if there had been no such thing as a prize fight yesterday.'

Clark walked out of the room to his own desk feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. He was astonished, bewildered, excited and considerably enraged. His great respect for Norman checked his rising indignation and disgust, but with it all was a feeling of growing wonder at the sudden change of motive which had entered the office of the 'Daily News' and threatened as he firmly believed, to destroy it.

Before noon every reporter, pressman and employee on the 'Daily News' was informed of the remarkable fact that the paper was going to press without a word in it about the famous prize fight of Sunday. The reporters were simply astonished beyond measure at the announcement of the fact. Every one in the stereotyping and composing rooms had something to say about the unheard of omission. Two or three times during the day when Mr. Norman had occasion to visit the composing rooms, the men stopped their work or glanced around their cases looking at him curiously. He knew that he was being observed strangely and said nothing, and did not appear to note it.

There had been several changes in the paper suggested by the editor, but nothing marked. He was waiting, and thinking deeply. He felt as if he needed time and considerable opportunity for the exercise of his best judgment in several matters before he answered his ever present question in the right way. It was not because there were not a great many things in the life of the paper that were contrary to the spirit of Christ that he did not act at once, but because he was yet greatly in doubt concerning what action Jesus would take.

When the 'Daily News' came out that evening it carried to its subscribers a distinct sensation. The presence of the report of the prize fight could not have produced anything equal to the effect of its omission. Hundreds of men in the hotels and stores down town, as well as regular subscribers, eagerly opened the paper and searched it through for the account of the great fight. Not finding it, they rushed to the news-stand and bought other papers. Even the newsboys had not all understood the fact of the omission. One of them was calling out, ' 'Daily News'! Full 'count great prize fight 't Resort. 'News,' sir!'

A man on the corner of the avenue close by the 'News' office bought the paper, looked over its front page hurriedly and then angrily called the boy back.

'Here, boy! What's the matter with your paper! There is no prize fight here! What do you mean by selling old papers?'

'Old papers, nuthin!' replied the boy indignantly. 'Dat's to-day's paper. What's de matter wid you?'

'But there's no account of any prize fight here! Look!'

The man handed back the paper and the boy glanced at it hurriedly. Then he whistled, while a bewildering look crept over his face. Seeing another boy running by with paper he called out, 'Say, Sam, lemme see your pile!' A hasty examination revealed the remarkable fact that all the copies of the 'News' were silent on the prize fight.

'Here, give me another paper! One with the prize fight account!' shouted the customer. He received it and walked off, while the two boys remained comparing notes and lost in wonder at the event. 'Somp'n slipped a cog in the 'Newsy' sure,' said the first boy. But he couldn't tell why, and rushed over to the 'News' office to find out.

There were several other boys at the delivery room and they were all excited and disgusted. The amount of slangy remonstrances hurled at the clerk back of the long counter would have driven any one else to despair. He was used to more or less of it all the time, and consequently hardened to it.

Mr. Norman was just coming downstairs on his way home and he paused as he went by the door of the delivery room and looked in

'What's the matter here, George?' he asked the clerk as he noted the unusual confusion.

'The boys say they can't sell any copies of the 'News,' to-night because the prize-fight is not in it,' replied George, looking curiously at the editor, as so many of the employees had done during the day.

Mr. Norman hesitated a moment, then walked into the room and confronted the boys.

'How many papers are there here, boys? Count them out, and I'll buy them to-night.'

There was a wild stare, and a wild counting of papers on the part of the boys.

Give them their money, George, and if any of the other boys come in with the same complaint, buy their unsold papers. Is that fair?' he asked the boys who were smitten into unusual silence by the unheard-of action on the part of the editor.

'Fair! Well I should— But will you keep dis up? Will dis be a continual performance for de benefit of de fraternity?'

Mr. Norman smiled slightly but he did not think it was necessary to answer the question. He walked out of the office and went home. On the way he could not avoid that constant query, 'Would Jesus have done it?' It was not so much with reference to the last transaction as to the entire motive that had urged him on since he had made the promise. The newsboys were necessarily sufferers through the action he had taken. Why should they lose money by it? They were not to blame. He was a rich man and could afford to put a little brightness into their lives if he chose to do it. He believed as he went on his way home that Jesus would have done either what he did or something similar in order to be free from any possible feeling of injustice. He was not deciding these questions for any one else but for his own conduct? He was not in a position to dogmatize and he felt that he could answer only with his own judgment and conscience as to his interpretation of Jesus' probable action.' The falling off in sales of the paper he had in a measure foreseen. But he was yet to realize the full extent of the loss to the paper if such a policy should continue.

During the week he was in receipt of numerous letters commenting on the absence from the 'News' of the account of the prize-fight. Two or three of these letters may be of interest.

Editor of the 'News.'

Dear Sir,—I have been deciding for some time to change my paper. I want a journal that is up to the times, progressive and enterprising, supplying the public demand at all points. The recent freak of your paper in refusing to print the account of the famous contest at the Resort has decided me finally to change my paper. Please discontinue it.

Very truly yours,

———, ———.

(Here followed the name of a business man who had been a subscriber for many years.)

Edward Norman, Editor of the "Daily News"; Raymond.

Dear Ed.—What is this sensation you have given the people of your burg? Hope you don't in end to try the 'Reform Business,' through the avenue of the press. It's dangerous to experiment much along that line. Take my advice and stick to the enterprising modern methods you have made so successful for the 'News.' The public wants prize fights and such. Give it what it wants, and let some one else do the Reforming business. Yours,

———, ———.

(Here followed the name of one of Norman's old friends, the editor of a daily in an adjoining town.)

My dear Mr. Norman,—I hasten to write you a note of appreciation for the evident carrying out of your promise. It is a splendid beginning, and no one feels the value of it better than I do. I know something of what it will cost you, but not all.

Your pastor,

HENRY MAXWELL.

One letter which he opened immediately after reading this from Mr. Maxwell revealed to him something of the loss to his business that possibly awaited him.

Mr. Edward Norman, editor of the 'Daily News':—

Dear Sir,—At the expiration of my advertising limit you will do me the favor not to continue as you have done heretofore. I enclose cheque for payment in full, and shall consider my account with your paper closed after date.

Very truly yours,

———, ———.

(Here followed the name of one of the largest dealers in tobacco in the city. He had been in the habit of inserting a column of conspicuous advertising and paying for it a very large price.)

Edward Norman laid down this letter very thoughtfully, and then after a moment he took up a copy of his paper and looked through the advertising columns. There was no connection implied in the tobacco merchant's letter between the omission of the prize-fight and the withdrawal of the advertisement. But he could not avoid putting the two together. In point of fact, he afterwards learned that the tobacco dealer withdrew his advertisement because he had heard that the editor of the 'News' was about to enter upon some queer reform policy that would be certain to reduce its subscription list.

But the letter directed Norman's attention to the advertising phase of his paper. He had not considered this before. As he glanced over the columns he could not escape the conviction that Jesus could not permit some of them in his paper. What would Jesus do with that other long advertisement of liquor? Raymond enjoyed a system of high license, and the saloon and the billiard hall and the beer garden were a part of the city's Christian civilization. He was simply doing what every other business man in Raymond did. And it was one of the best paying sources of revenue. What would the paper do if it cut these out? Could it live? That was the question? But—was that the question, after all? 'What would Jesus do?' That was the question he was answering, or trying to answer, this week. Would Jesus advertise whiskey and tobacco in his paper?

Edward Norman asked it honestly, and after a prayer for help and wisdom he asked Clark to come into his office.

Clark came in feeling that the paper was at a crisis and prepared for almost anything after his Monday morning experience. This was Thursday.

'Clark,' said Norman, speaking slowly and carefully. 'I have been looking at our advertising columns and have decided to dispense with some of the matter as soon as the contracts run out. I wish you would notify the advertising agent not to solicit or renew the ads I have marked here.'

He handed the paper with the marked places over to Clark, who took it and looked over the columns with a very serious air.

'This will mean a great loss to the 'News.' How long do you think you can keep this sort of thing up?' Clark was astonished at the editor's action and could not understand it.

'Clark, do you think if Jesus were the editor and proprietor of a daily paper in Raymond he would print advertisements of whiskey and tobacco in it?'

Clark looked at his chief with that same look of astonishment which had greeted the question before.

'Well—no—I—don't suppose he would. But what has that to do with us? We can't do as he would. Newspapers can't be run on any such basis.'

'Why not?' asked Edward Norman, quietly.

'Why not! Because they will lose more money than they make, that's all.' Clark spoke out with an irritation that he really felt. 'We shall certainly bankrupt the paper with this sort of business policy.'

'Do you think so?' Norman asked the question not as if he expected an answer but simply as if he were talking with himself. After a pause he said,

'You may direct Marks to do as I said. I believe it is what Jesus would do, and as I told you, Clark, that is what I have promised to try to do for a year, regardless of what the results may be to me. I cannot believe that by any kind of reasoning we could reach a conclusion justifying Jesus in the advertisement, in this age, of whiskey and tobacco in a newspaper. There are some other advertisements of a doubtful character I shall study into. Meanwhile I feel a conviction in regard to these that cannot be silenced.'

Clark went back to his desk feeling as if he had been in the presence of a very peculiar person. He could not grasp the meaning of it all. He felt enraged and alarmed. He was sure any such policy would ruin the paper as soon as it became generally known that the editor was trying to do everything by such an absurd moral standard. What would become of business if this standard were adopted? It would upset every custom and introduce endless confusion. It was simply foolishness. It was downright idiocy. So Clark said to himself, and when Marks was informed of the action,' he seconded the managing editor with some very forcible ejaculations. What was the matter with the chief? Was he insane? Was he going to bankrupt the whole business?

But Edward Norman had not faced his most serious problem.

When he came down to the office on Friday morning he was confronted with the usual programme for the Sunday morning edition. The 'News' was one of the few evening papers to issue a Sunday edition, and it had always been remarkably successful financially. There was an average of one page of literary and religious items to thirty or forty pages of sport, theatre, gossip, fashion, society and political material. This made a very interesting magazine of all sorts of reading matter and had always been welcomed by all the subscribers, church members and all, as a Sunday necessity.

Edward Norman now faced this fact and put to himself the question, 'What would Jesus do?' If he were editor of a paper would he deliberately plan to put into the homes of all the church people and Christians of Raymond such a collection of reading matter on the one day of the week which ought to be given up to something better and holier?

He sent word for Clark and the other men in the office, including the few reporters who were in the building and the foreman, with what men were in the composing room (it was early in the morning and they were not all in) to come into the mailing room. This was a large room, and the men came in, wondering, and perched around on the tables and counters. It was a very unusual proceeding, but they all agreed that the paper was being run on new principles any how, and they all watched Mr. Norman curiously as he spoke.

'I called you in here to let you know my plans for the future of the 'News.' I propose certain changes which I believe are necessary. I understand that some things I have already done are regarded by the men as very strange. I wish to state my motive in doing what I have done.' Here he told the men what he had already told Clark and they stared, as he had done, and looked as painfully conscious.

'Now in acting on this standard of conduct I have reached a conclusion which will, no doubt, cause some surprise. I have decided that the Sunday morning edition of the 'News' shall be discontinued after next Sunday's issue. I shall state in that issue my reasons for discontinuing. In order to make up to the subscribers the amount of reading matter they may suppose themselves entitled to, we can issue a double number on Saturday, as is done by very many evening papers that make no attempt at a Sunday edition.

When Norman returned to his office Clark came in and had a long, serious talk with the chief. He was thoroughly roused, and his protest almost reached the point of resigning his place. Norman guarded himself carefully. Every minute of the interview was painful to him but he felt more than ever the necessity of doing the Christ-like thing. Clark was a very valuable man. It would be difficult to fill his place. But he was not able to give any reasons for continuing the Sunday paper that answered the question, 'What would Jesus do?' by letting Jesus print that edition.

'It comes to this, then,' said Clark, finally. 'You will bankrupt the paper in thirty days. We might as well face that future fact.'

'I don't think we shall. Will you stay by the 'News' until it is bankrupt?' asked Edward Norman, with a strange smile.

Clark hesitated a moment and finally said yes. Norman shook hands with him and turned to his desk. Clark went back into his room stirred by a number of conflicting emotions. He had never before known such an exciting and mentally disturbing week, and he felt now as if he were connected with an enterprise that might at any moment collapse and ruin him and all connected with it.

Sunday morning dawned again on Raymond, and the Rev. Henry Maxwell's church was crowded.

After the service some remained to talk things over. 'What will be the probable result of your discontinuance of the Sunday paper?' Norman was asked by a friend.

'I don't know yet. I presume it will result in a falling off of subscriptions and advertisements. I anticipate that.'

'Do you have any doubts about your action? I mean do you regret it or fear it is not what Jesus would do?' asked Mr. Henry Maxwell, the pastor of the church.

'Not in the least. But I would like to ask for my own satisfaction, if any one of you here think Jesus would issue a Sunday paper?'

No one spoke for a minute. Then another said, 'We seem to think alike on that, but I have been puzzled several times during the week to know just what he would do. It is not always an easy question to answer.'

'I find that trouble,' said Miss Virginia Page, a young heiress. Every one who knew Virginia Page was wondering how she would succeed in keeping her promise.

'I think I find it specially difficult to answer the question on account of my money. Jesus never owned any property, and there is nothing in his example to guide me in the use of mine. I am studying and praying. I think I see clearly a part of what he would do, but not all. "What would Jesus do with a million dollars?" is my question really. I confess that I am not yet able to answer it to my satisfaction. What I am trying to discover is a principle of Jesus that will enable me to come the nearest possible to his action as it ought to influence the entire course of my life so far as my wealth and its use are concerned.'

'That will take time,' said Mr. Maxwell, slowly. All the rest in the room were thinking hard of the same thing.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Maxwell and some of his church members had been holding a meeting in the slums and as they stood waiting for a car to take them home, Mr. Maxwell said: 'I never realized that Raymond had such a festering sore. It does not seem possible that this is a city full of Christian disciples.'

He paused and then continued:

'Do you think any one can ever remove this great curse of the saloon? Why don't we all act together against the traffic? What would Jesus do? Would he keep silent? Would he vote to license these causes of crime and death?'

Henry Maxwell was talking to himself more than to the others. He remembered that he had always voted for license, and so had nearly all of his church members. What would Jesus do? Could he answer that question? Would Jesus preach and act against the saloon, if he lived to-day? How would he preach and act? Suppose it was not popular to preach against license? Suppose the Christian people thought it was all that could be done, to license the evil, and so get revenue from a necessary sin? Or suppose the church members owned property where the saloons stood—what then? He knew that these were the facts in Raymond. What would Jesus do?

He went up into his study, the next morning, with that question only partly answered. He thought of it all day. He was still thinking of it, and reaching certain real conclusions, when the evening 'News' came. His wife brought it up, and sat down a few minutes while he read it to her.

The 'Evening News' was at present the most sensational paper in Raymond. That is to say, it was being edited in such a remarkable fashion, that its subscribers had never been so excited over a newspaper before.

First, they had noticed the absence of the prize fight, and gradually it began to dawn upon them that the 'News' no longer printed accounts of crime with detailed descriptions, or scandals in private life. Then they noticed that the advertisements of liquor and tobacco were being dropped, together with certain other advertisements of a questionable character. The discontinuance of the Sunday paper caused the great est comment of all, and now the character of the editorials was creating the greatest excitement. A quotation from the Monday paper of this week will show what Edward Norman was doing to keep his promise. The editorial was headed:—

THE MORAL SIDE OF POLITICAL QUESTIONS.

The editor of the 'News' has always advocated the principles of the great political party at present in power, and has, therefore, discussed all political questions from a standpoint of expediency, or of belief in the party, as opposed to other organizations. Hereafter, to be perfectly honest with all our readers, the editor will present and discuss political questions from the standpoint of right and wrong. In other words, the first question will not be, 'Is it in the interest of our party?' or 'Is it according to the principles laid down by the party?' but the question first asked will be, 'Is this measure in accordance with the spirit and teachings of Jesus, as the author of the greatest standard of life known to men?' That is, to be perfectly plain, the moral side of every political question will be considered its most important side, and the ground will be distinctly taken, that nations, as well as individuals, are under the same law, to do all things to the glory of God, as the first rule of action.

The same principle will be observed in this office towards candidates for places of responsibility and trust in the Republic. Regardless of party politics, the editor of the 'News' will do all in his power to bring the best men into power, and will not, knowingly, help to support for office any candidate who is unworthy, however much he may be endorsed by the party. The first question asked about the man, as about the measure, will be, 'Is he the right man for the place? Is he a good man with ability?'

There had been more of this; but we have quoted enough to show the character of the editorial. Hundreds of men in Raymond had read it, and rubbed their eyes in amazement. A good many of them had promptly written to the 'News,' telling the editor to stop their paper. The paper still came out, however, and was eagerly read all over the city. At the end of the week, Edward Norman knew very well that he had actually lost already a large number of valuable subscribers. He faced the conditions calmly, although Clark, the managing editor, grimly anticipated ultimate bankruptcy, especially since Monday's editorial.

To-night, as Henry Maxwell read to his wife, he could see on almost every column evidences of Norman's conscientious obedience to his promise. There was an absence of slangy, sensational scare-heads. The reading matter under the head lines was in perfect keeping with them. And there was a distinct advance in the dignity and style of the paper.

* * *

There are times when a sermon has a value and power due to conditions in the audience rather than to anything new or startling or eloquent in the words or the arguments presented. Such conditions faced Henry Maxwell on Sunday morning as he preached against the saloon, according to his purpose determined on the week before. He had no new statements to make about the evil influence of the saloon in Raymond. What new facts were there? He had no startling illustrations of the power of the saloon in business of politics. What could be say that had not been said by temperance orators a great many times? The effect of his message this morning owed its power to the unusual fact of his preaching about the saloon at all, together with the events that had stirred the people. He had never in the course of his ten years' pastorate mentioned the saloon as something to be regarded in the light of an enemy, not only to the poor and the tempted, but to the business life of the place and the church itself. He spoke now with a freedom that seemed to measure his complete sense of the conviction that Jesus would speak so. At the close he pleaded with the people to remember the new life that had begun at the Rectangle in the alumn. The regular election of city officers was near at hand. The question of license would be an issue in that election. What of the poor creatures surrounded by the hell of drink while just beginning to feel the joy of deliverance from sin? Who could tell what depended on their environment? Was there one word to be said by the Christian disciple, business man, professional man, citizen, in favor of continuing to license these crime and shame-producing institutions? Was not the most Christian thing they could do to act as citizens in the matter, fight the saloon at the polls, elect good men to the city offices, and clean the municipality? How much had prayers helped to make Raymond better while votes and actions had really been on the side of the enemies of Jesus? Would not Jesus do this? What disciple could imagine him refusing to suffer to take up his cross in the matter? How much had the members of the First Church ever suffered in an attempt to imitate Jesus? Was Christian discipleship a thing of convenience, of custom, of tradition? Where did the suffering come in? Was it necessary in order to follow Jesus's steps to go up Calvary as well as the Mount of Transfiguration?

His appeal was stronger at this point than he knew. It is not too much to say that the spiritual tension of the First Church reached its highest point right there. The imitation of Jesus which had begun with the volunteers in the church was working like leaven in the organization, and Henry Maxwell would, even this early in his new life, have been amazed if he could have measured the extent of desire on the part of his people to take up the cross. While he was speaking this morning, before he closed with a loving appeal to the discipleship of two thousand years' knowledge of the Master, many a man and woman in the church was saying, as Rachel had said so passionately to her mother, 'I want

to do something that will cost me something in the way of sacrifice;' 'I am hungry to suffer something.' Truly Mazzini was right when he said, 'No appeal is quite so powerful in the end as the call, "Come and suffer."'

The service was over, the great audience had gone, with the exception of that little company composed of those who a few weeks before had made the pledge of discipleship and to do what they thought Jesus would have them do.

The little company counselled together, and there were many prayers, and Henry Maxwell dated from that meeting some of the serious events that afterwards became a part of the history of the First Church of Raymond. When finally they went home, all of them were impressed with the joy of the Spirit's power.

Donald Marsh, president of Lincoln College, walked home with Henry Maxwell.

'I have reached one conclusion, Maxwell,' said Marsh, speaking slowly. 'I have found my cross, and it is a heavy one; but I shall never be satisfied until I take it up and carry it.'

'Your sermon to-day made clear to me what I have long been feeling I ought to do. What would Jesus do in my place? I have asked the question repeatedly since I made my promise. I have tried to satisfy myself that he would simply go on as I have done, attending to the duties of my college, teaching the classes in Ethics and Philosophy. But I have not been able to avoid the feeling that he would do something more. That something is what I do not want to do. It will cause me genuine suffering to do it. I dread it with all my soul. You may be able to guess what it is?'

'Yes, I think I know,' Henry Maxwell replied. 'It is my cross, too. I would almost rather do anything else.'

Donald Marsh looked surprised, then relieved. Then he spoke sadly, but with great conviction.

'Maxwell, you and I belong to a class of professional men who have always avoided the duties of citizenship. We have lived in a little world of scholarly seclusion, doing work we have enjoyed, and shrinking from the disagreeable duties that belong to the life of the citizen. I confess with shame that I have purposely avoided the responsibility that I owe to this city personally. I understand that our city officials are a corrupt, unprincipled set of men, controlled in large part by the whiskey element, and thoroughly selfish so far as the affairs of city government are concerned. Yet all these years I, with nearly every teacher in the college, have been satisfied to let other men run the municipality, and have lived in a little world of my own, out of touch and sympathy with the real world of the people. "What would Jesus do?" I have tried even to avoid an honest answer. I can no longer do so. My plain duty is to take a personal part in this coming election. I would give almost anything to be able to say, "I do not believe Jesus would do anything of the sort." But I am more and more persuaded that He would. This is where the suffering comes to me. It would not hurt me half so much to lose my position or my home. I loathe the contact with this municipal problem. I would much prefer to remain quietly in my scholastic life with my classes in Ethics and Philosophy. But the call has come to me so plainly that I cannot escape: "Donald Marsh, follow me. Do your duty as a citizen of Raymond at the point where your citizenship will cost you something. Help to cleanse this great municipal stable, even if you do have to soil your aristocratic feelings a little." Maxwell, this is my cross. I must take it up or deny my Lord.'

'You have spoken for me also,' replied Maxwell, with a sad smile. But with you I have been unable to shake off my responsibility. The answer to the question, "What would Jesus do?" in this case leaves me no peace, except when I say, "Jesus would have me act the part of a Christian citizen." Marsh, as you say, we professional men, ministers, professors, artists, literary men, scholars, have almost invariably been political cowards. We have avoided the sacred duties of citizenship, either ignorantly or selfishly. Certainly Jesus, in our age, would not do that. We can do no less than take up this cross and follow Him.'

These two men walked on in silence for a while. Finally President Marsh said:

'We do not need to act alone in this matter. With all the men who have made the promise, we certainly can have companionship and strength, even of numbers. Let us organize the Christian forces of Raymond for the battle against rum and corruption. We certainly ought to enter the primaries with a force that will be able to do more than utter a protest. It is a fact that the saloon element is cowardly and easily frightened, in spite of its lawlessness and corruption. Let us plan a campaign that will mean something, because it is organized righteousness. Jesus would use great wisdom in this matter. He would employ means. He would make large plans. Let us do so. If we bear this cross, let us do it bravely, like men.'

The 'Evening News,' in its Saturday edition, gave a full account of the primaries, and in the editorial column Edward Norman spoke with a directness and conviction that the Christian people of Raymond were learning to respect deeply, because it was so evidently sincere and unselfish. The closing paragraph of the editorial ran thus:—

> The 'News' is, positively and without reservation, in the side of the new movement. We shall henceforth do all in our power to drive out the saloon and destroy its political strength. We shall advocate the election of men nominated by the majority of citizens met in the first primary, and we call upon all Christians, church members, and lovers of right, purity, temperance and home, to stand by President Marsh and the rest of the citizens, who have thus begun a long-needed reform in our city.

President Marsh read this editorial and thanked God for Edward Norman and the 'News.' At the same time he understood well enough that every other paper in Raymond was on the other side. He did not misunderstand the importance and seriousness of the fight which was only just begun. It was no secret that the 'News' had lost enormously since it had been governed by the standard of, 'What would Jesus do?' The question now was, 'Would the Christian people of Raymond stand by it?' Would they make it possible for Norman to conduct a daily Christian paper? Or would their desire for what is called 'news,' in the way of crime, scandal, political partisanship of the regular sort, and a dislike to champion so remarkable a reform in journalism, influence them to drop the paper and refuse to give it their financial support? That was, in fact, the question Edward Norman was asking, even while he wrote the Saturday editorial. He knew well enough that his action expressed in that editorial would cost him very dearly from the hands of many business men of Raymond. And still, as he drove his pen over the paper, he asked another question, 'What would Jesus do?' That question had become a part of his whole life now. It was greater than any other.

But, for the first time in its history, Raymond had seen the professional men, the teachers, the college professors, the doctors, the ministers, take political action and put themselves definitely and sharply in antagonism to the evil forces that had so long controlled the machine of the municipal government. The fact itself was astonishing. President Marsh acknowledged to himself with a feeling of humiliation that never before had he known what civic righteousness could accomplish. From that Friday night's work he dated for himself and his college a new definition of the worn phrase, 'the scholar in politics.' Education for him and those who were under his influence ever after meant some element of suffering. Sacrifice must now enter into the factor of development.

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It was Sunday again. The after-meeting at the first church was now regularly established. Henry Maxwell went into the lecture-room on this Sunday succeeding the week of the primary, and was greeted with an enthusiasm that made him tremble, at first, for its reality. All were present, and they seemed drawn very close together by a bond of common fellowship that demanded and enjoyed mutual confidences. It was the general feeling that the spirit of Jesus was a spirit of very open, frank confession of experience. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Edward Norman to be telling all the rest of the company about the details of his newspaper.

'The fact is, I have lost a good deal of money during the past three weeks. I cannot tell how much.

'Many people want a paper that prints all the news, meaning by that, the crime details, sensations like prize-fights, scandals, and horrors of various kinds. My greatest loss has come from a falling off in advertisements, and from the attitude I have felt obliged to take on political questions. This last action has really cost me more than any other. The bulk of my subscribers, and the bulk of newspaper readers, are intensely partisan. I may as well tell you all frankly that, if I continue to pursue the plan which I honestly believe Jesus would in the matter of political issues, and their treatment from a non-partisan and moral stand-point, the 'News' will not be able to pay its operating expenses, unless one factor in Raymond can be depended upon.'

He paused a moment, and the room was very quiet. Virginia Page, the young heiress, seemed specially interested. Her face glowed with interest. It was like the interest of a person who had been thinking hard of the same thing, Norman went on now to mention.

'That one factor is the Christian element in Raymond. Say the 'News' has lost heavily from the dropping off of the people who do not care for a Christian daily, and from others who simply look upon a newspaper as a purveyor of all sorts of material to amuse and interest them—are there enough genuine Christian people in Raymond, who will rally to the support of a paper such as Jesus would probably edit, or are the habits of the people so firmly established in their demands for the regular type of journalism that they will not take a paper unless it is stripped largely of the Christian and moral purpose? As I understand the promise we made, we were not to ask any questions about, "Will it pay?" but all our actions were to be based on the one question, "What would Jesus do?" Acting on that rule of conduct, I have been obliged to lose nearly all the money I have accumulated in my paper. It is not necessary for me to go into details. There is no question with me now, after the three weeks' experience I have had, that a great many men would lose vast sums of money under the present system of business, if this rule of Jesus were honestly obeyed. I mention my loss here because I have the fullest faith in the final success of a daily paper conducted on the lines I have recently laid down, and I had planned to put into it my entire fortune in order to win final success. As it is now, unless, as I said, the Christian people of Raymond, the church members and professing disciples, will support the paper with subscriptions and advertisements, I cannot continue its publication on the present basis.'

Virginia asked a question. She followed Mr. Norman's statement with the most intense eagerness.

'Do you mean that a Christian daily ought to be endowed with a large sum like a Christian college in order to make it pay?'

'That is exactly what I mean: I have laid out plans for putting into the 'News' such a variety of material, in such a strong and truly interesting way, that it would more than make up for whatever was absent from its columns in the way of un-Christian matter. But my plans called for a very large outlay of money. I am very confident that a Christian daily such as Jesus would approve, containing only what he would print, can be made to succeed financially if it is planned on the right lines. But it will take a large sum of money to work out the plans.'

'How much do you think?' asked Virginia, quietly.

Edward Norman looked at her keenly, and his face flushed a moment, as an idea of Virginia's purpose crossed his mind. He had known her when she was a little girl in the Sunday-school, and he had been on intimate relations in business with her father.

'I should say a half-million dollars in a town like Raymond, could be well spent in the establishment of a paper such as we have in mind,' and his voice trembled a little. The keen look on Edward Norman's grizzled face flashed out with a stern but thoroughly Christian anticipation of great achievements in the world of newspaper life, as it had opened up to him within the last few seconds.

'Then,' said Virginia, speaking as if the thought were fully considered, "I am ready to put that amount of money into the paper, on the one condition, of course, that it be carried on as it has been begun.'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Henry Maxwell softly. Edward Norman was pale. The rest were looking at Virginia. She had more to say.

'Dear friends,' she went on—and there was a sadness in her voice that made an impression on the rest that deepened when they thought it over afterwards—'I do not want any of you to credit me with an act of great generosity or philanthropy. I have come to know lately that the money which I have called my own is not my own, but God's. If I, as a steward of his, see some wise way to invest his money, it is not an occasion of vain glory or thanks from any one simply because I have proved honest as he asked me to use for his glory. I in my administration of funds that he have been thinking of this very plan for some time. The fact is, dear friends, that in our coming fight with the whiskey power in Raymond—and it has only just begun—we shall need the 'News' to champion the Christian side. You all know that all the other papers are for the saloon. As long as the saloon exists the work of rescuing dying souls at the Rectangle is carried on at a terrible disadvantage. What can Mr. Gray do with his gospel meetings when half his converts are drinking people, daily tempted and enticed by the saloon on every corner? The Christian daily we must have. It would be giving up to the enemy to have the 'News' fail. I have great confidence in Mr. Norman's ability. I have not seen his plans; but I have the confidence that he has in making the paper succeed if it is carried forward on a large enough scale. I cannot believe that Christian intelligence in journalism will be inferior to un-Christian intelligence, even when it comes to making the paper pay financially. So that is my reason for putting this money—God's, not mine — into this powerful agent for doing as Jesus would. If we can keep such a paper going for one year, I shall be willing to see that amount of money used in the experiment. Do not thank me. Do not consider my promise a wonderful thing. What have I done with God's money all these years but gratify my own selfish, physical, personal desires? What can I do with the rest of it but try to make some reparation for what I have stolen from God? That is the way I look at it now. I believe it is what Jesus would do.'

Over the lecture-room swept that unseen yet distinctly felt wave of divine presence. No one spoke for a while. But there was an unspoken comradeship such as they had never known. It was present with them while Virginia was speaking, and during the silence that followed. If it had been defined by any one of them, it would, perhaps, have taken some such shape as this: 'If I shall in the course of my obedience to my promise, meet with loss or trouble in the world, I can depend upon the genuine, practical sympathy and fellowship of any other Christian in this room who has with me made the pledge to do all things by the rule, "What would Jesus do?"'

All this the distinct wave of spiritual power expressed. It had the effect that a physical miracle may have had on the early disciples in giving them a feeling of confidence in their Lord that helped them to face loss and martyrdom with courage and even joy.

Many congratulated Mr. Norman at the close of the meeting, and the response to his appeal for help from the Christian disciples in Raymond was fully understood by this little company. The value of such a paper in the homes and in behalf of good citizenship, especially at the present crisis in the city, could not be measured. It remained to be seen what could be done now that the paper was endowed so liberally. But it still was true, as Edward Norman insisted, that money alone could not make the paper a power. It must receive the support and sympathy of the Christians in Raymond, before it could be counted as one of the great Christian forces of the city.

The week that followed this Sunday meeting was one of great excitement in Raymond. It was the week of the election. Principal Marsh, true to his promise, took up his cross and bore it manfully. The same was also true of Henry Maxwell, who plunged into the horror of this fight against whiskey and its allies, with a sickening dread of each day's encounter with it. For never had he borne such a cross. He staggered under it, and in the brief intervals when he came in from the work and sought the quiet of his study for rest, the sweat broke out on his forehead, and he felt the actual terror of one who marches into unseen, unknown horrors. Looking back on it, afterwards, he was amazed at his experience. He was not a coward; but he felt a dread that any man of his habits feels, when confronted suddenly with a duty which carries with it the doing of certain things so unfamiliar that the actual details connected with it betray his ignorance and fill him with the shame of humiliation.

THE ELECTION.

The election day came round and the excitement all over the city was intense. Never had there been such a contest in Raymond. The issue of license or no license had never been an issue under such circumstances. Never before had such elements in the city been arrayed against each other. It was an unheard-of thing that the president of Lincoln College, the pastor of the First Church, the dean of the Cathedral, the professional men living in the fine houses on the boulevard, should come personally into the wards, and, by their presence and their example, represent the Christian conscience of the place. The ward politicians were astonished at the sight. However, their astonishment did not prevent their activity. The fight grew hotter every hour; and when six o'clock came neither side could have guessed at the result with any certainty. Every one agreed that never had there been such an election in Raymond, and both sides awaited the announcement of the result with the greatest interest.

At the First Church, Henry Maxwell, bearing on his face marks of the scene he had lately been through, confronted an immense congregation, and spoke to it with a passion and a power that came so naturally out of the profound experiences of the day before that his people felt for him something of the old feeling of pride they once had in his dramatic delivery. Only, this was a different attitude. And all through his impassioned appeal this morning there was a note of sadness and rebuke and stern condemnation that made many of the members pale with self-accusation or with inward anger.

For Raymond had awakened that morning to the fact that the city had gone for license after all. It was true that the victory was won by a very meager majority. But the result was the same as if it had been overwhelming. Raymond had voted to continue the saloon. The Christians of Raymond stood condemned by the result. More than a hundred Christians, professing disciples, had failed to go to the polls, and many more than that number had voted with the whiskey men. If all the church members of Raymond had voted against the saloon, it would to-day be outlawed instead of crowned king of the municipality. For that had been the fact in Raymond for years. The saloon ruled. No one denied that. What would Jesus do?

Men and women wept as Mr. Maxwell spoke. Donald Marsh sat there, his usual erect, handsome, firm, bright, self-confident bearing all gone; his head bowed upon his breast; the great tears rolling down his cheeks, unmindful of the fact that never before had he shown outward emotion in a public service. Edward Norman near by sat with his clear-cut, keen face erect, but his lip trembled and he clutched the end of the pew with a feeling of emotion that struck deep into his knowledge of the truth as the preacher spoke it. No man had given or suffered more to influence public opinion that last week than Norman. The thought that the Christian Conscience had been aroused too late or too feebly lay with a weight of accusation upon the heart of the editor. What if he had begun to do as Jesus would long ago? Who could tell what might have been accomplished by this time?

When the congregation had finally gone and he and Mr. Maxwell entered the lecture-room it needed but a glance to show him that the original company of followers had been largely increased. The meeting was tender, it glowed with the Spirit's presence, it was alive with strong and lasting resolve to begin a war on the whiskey power of Raymond that would break its reign. Since the first Sunday when the first company of volunteers had pledged themselves to do as Jesus would do, the different meetings had been characterized by distinct impulses or impressions. To-day, the entire force of the gathering seemed to be directed to this one large purpose. It was a meeting full of broken prayers, of contrition, confession, of strong yearning for a new and better city life. And all through it ran the one general cry for deliverance from the saloon and its awful curse.

Virginia Page soliloquized: The money I shall put into the 'News' is, I am confident, in line with Jesus's probable action. It is as necessary that we have a daily Christian paper in Raymond, especially now that we have the saloon influence to meet, as it is to have a church or a college. I am satisfied that the five hundred thousand dollars that Mr. Norman will know how to use so well will be a powerful factor in Raymond to do as Jesus would do.

The next day she went down to the 'News' Office to see Edward Norman, and arrange the details of her part in the establishment of the paper on its new foundation. Henry Maxwell was present at this conference, and the three agreed that, whatever Jesus would do in detail as editor of a daily paper, he would be guided by the same general principles that directed his conduct as the Saviour of the world.

'I have tried to put down here in concrete form some of the things which it has seemed to me Jesus would do,' said Edward Norman. He read from a paper lying on his desk and Henry Maxwell was reminded again of his own effort to put into written form his own conception of Jesus's probable action.

'I have headed this, "What would Jesus do as Edward Norman, editor of a daily newspaper in Raymond?"

'1. He would never allow a sentence or a picture in his paper that could be called bad or coarse or impure in any way.

'2. He would probably conduct the political part of the paper from the standpoint of non-partisan patriotism, always looking upon all political questions in the light of their relations to the welfare of the people, always on the basis of, "What is right? never from the basis of what is for the best interests of this or that party?" In other words, he would treat every political subject from the standpoint of the advancement of the Kingdom of God on the earth.'

'3. The end and aim of a daily paper conducted by Jesus would be to do the will of God. That is, his main purpose in carrying on a newspaper would not be to make money, or gain political influence, but his first and ruling purpose should be so to conduct his paper that it would be evident to all his subscribers that he was trying to seek first the Kingdom of God by means of his paper. This purpose would be as distinct and unquestioned as the purpose of a minister or a missionary or any other unselfish martyr in Christian work everywhere.

'4. All questionable advertisements would be impossible.

'5. The relation of Jesus to the employees on the paper would be of the most loving character.

'6. As editor of a daily paper to-day, Jesus would give large space to the work of the Christian world.

'7. He would do all in his power to fight the saloon as an enemy of the human race and an unnecessary part of our present civilization. He would do this regardless of public sentiment in the matter, and, of course, always regardless of its effect on his subscription list.'

Again Edward Norman looked up. 'I state my honest conviction on this point. Of course I do not pass judgment on the Christian men who are editing other kinds of papers to-day. But as I interpret Jesus, I believe he would use the influence of his paper to remove the saloon entirely from the political and social life of the nation.

'8. Jesus would not issue a Sunday edition.

'9. He would print the news of the world that people ought to know. Among the things that they do not need to know and which would not be published would be brutal prize fights, long accounts of crimes, scandals in private families, or any other human events which in any way would conflict with the first point mentioned in this outline.

'10. If Jesus had the amount of money to use on a paper which we have, he would probably secure the best and strongest Christian men and women to co-operate with him in the matter of contributions. That will be my purpose as I shall be able to show you in a few days.

'11. Whatever the details of the paper might demand as the paper developed along its definite plan, the main principle that guided it would always be the establishment of the Kingdom of God in the world. This large general principle would necessarily shape all the details.'

Edward Norman finished reading his plan. He was very thoughtful.

'I have merely sketched a very faint outline. I have a hundred ideas for making the paper powerful that I have not yet thought out fully. This is simply a suggestive plan. I have talked it over with other newspaper men. The question with me is largely one of support from the Christian people of Raymond. There are over twenty thousand church members here in this city. If half of them will stand by the 'News,' its life is assured. What do you think, Maxwell, is the probability of such support?'

'I don't know enough about it to give an intelligent answer. I believe in the paper with all my heart. If it lives a year, as Miss Virginia said, there is no telling what it can do. The great thing will be to issue such a paper as near as we can judge as Jesus probably would, and put into it all the elements of Christian brains, strength, intelligence, and sense, and command respect by the absence of bigotry, fanaticism, narrowness and anything else that is contrary to the spirit of Jesus. Such a paper will call for the best that human thought and action are capable of giving. The greatest minds in the world would have their powers taxed to the utmost to issue a Christian daily.'

'Yes,' Edward Norman spoke humbly. 'I shall make great mistakes, no doubt. I need a great deal of wisdom. But I want to do as Jesus would. "What would he do?" I have asked it daily, and shall continue to do so and abide by results.'

'I think we are beginning to understand,' said Virginia, 'the meaning of that command, "grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' I am sure I do not know all that he would do in detail until I know him better.'

'That is very true,' said Henry Maxwell. 'I am beginning to understand that I cannot interpret the probable action of Jesus until I know better what his spirit is. To my mind the greatest question in all of human life is summed up when we ask, "What would Jesus do?" if as we ask it, we also try to answer it from a growing knowledge of Jesus himself. We must know Jesus before we can imitate him.'

When the arrangements had been made between Virginia and Edward Norman, he found himself in possession of the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, exclusively his to use for the establishment of a Christian daily paper. When Virginia and Henry Maxwell had gone, Norman closed his door and, alone with the divine presence, asked like a child for help from his all-powerful Father. All through his prayer, as he kneeled before his desk and the promised, 'If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Surely his prayer would be answered and the Kingdom be advanced through this instrument of God's power, this mighty Press which had become so largely degraded to the base uses of man's avarice and ambition.

Some two months after this a Chicago minister who was spending a few days in Raymond wrote to a friend of his regarding the result of the pledge to do as Jesus would do. Said he, 'Take for example the case of Mr. Norman, editor of the 'Daily News.' He risked his entire fortune in obedience to what he believed was Jesus's probable action and revolutionized his entire conduct of the paper at the risk of a failure. I send you a copy of yesterday's paper. I want you to read it carefully. To my mind it is one of the most interesting and remarkable papers ever printed in the United States. It is open to criticism, but what could any mere man attempt in this line that would be free from criticism? Take it all in all, it is so far above the ordinary conception of a daily paper that I am amazed at the result. He tells me that the paper is beginning to be read more and more by the Christian people of the city. He is very confident of its final success.

'Read his editorial on the money question, also the one on the coming election in Raymond, when the question of license will again be an issue. Both articles are of the best from his point of view. He says he never begins an editorial or, in fact, any part of his newspaper work, without first asking, "What would Jesus do?" The result is certainly apparent. * * *

Years had come and gone and Edward Norman, editor of the 'News,' by means of the money given by Virigina Chase had become a force in journalism that was recognized as one of the real factors of the nation, to mold its principles and actually shape its policy, a daily illustration of the might of a Christian press, and the first of a series of such papers begun and carried on by other disciples who had also taken the pledge to do as Jesus would do.

'In His Steps,' or 'What Would Jesus Do?' by Charles M. Sheldon, has had such a sale as few books have had within the past few months. It tells the story of a number of people in different walks of life who promised to do everything for one year after asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?' Among the number was, the editor of the Raymond 'Daily News,' a minister, a college principal, a young clubman, who with his sister had inherited millions, an author, and a young woman with a remarkable voice. The book is strong of purpose, and one to stimulate those who read it, the while its story is so interesting one does not lay it down easily. Its teaching, that religion is a practice rather than a sentiment or a theory, reminds one of the old declaration that 'Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.'

The book is of vital interest just now, and of more than common interest as a story at any time.

Indeed, it would be well if several copies of 'In His Steps' were in circulation in every church, Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, temperance organization, and Young Men's Christian Association throughout the country.

To take up one after another the Christian characters sketched so clearly by Mr. Sheldon in 'In His Steps' would make a delightful course of study for young people's prayer meetings. It would be a study of the teachings of Christ worked out in the lives of to-day.

That this book has excited extraordinary interest is evidenced by the number of sermons that have been delivered upon it, as well as by the remarkably large demand requiring one large edition after another in quick succession.

'In His Steps' can be obtained of almost any bookseller, the price being about 25c.—The Montreal 'Witness.'

The brief portion of the book that is given in this leaflet will serve to give an idea of its character and purpose. The story phase has been omitted so as not to forestall the reader's interest in the book itself, which every one should read.

If you have found 'The Editor's Story' interesting you will probably find still more interesting the characters of those whose walk in life may more closely resemble yours than does that of an editor.

Any number of copies of 'The Editor's Story' for free distribution throughout a church, school, society or among friends will be gladly sent, post paid, on the application of any of our subscribers. The only condition being that they will be promptly distributed.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

Sheldon Writes,

Under date of July 22nd last:

"I have read the *Witness* with much interest "I cannot say that I know of any other daily paper "in the United States that is conducted on such "high Christian principles. I wish I did, for if "ever we needed such a paper in our country we "need it now.

"Let me express to you my appreciation of the "Christian heroism and consideration which make "a paper like the Witness a possibility. I have "always believed it possible for a Christian daily "to succeed. You have proved that it can. So "much of the ideal newspaper in 'In His Steps' is "therefore real.

"I pray that you may continue to be blessed in "your work. I do not know a more glorious opportunity for building up the kingdom on earth than "by means of Christian journalism. I take the "greatest pleasure in sending the copies of the "*Witness* to newspaper friends of mine for their "inspection.

"Very cordially yours,
"CHARLES M. SHELDON,
"Topeka, Kansas."

as usual. I let him see I had just as much confidence in him as ever, and I never had greater faithfulness in one of my clerks. I believe he would have gone through fire and water for me. Our beloved governor became interested in him, and after a while made a position for him better than I could give, and at last I persuaded Max to leave me. I think there were no more devious paths after that. 'His road went straight on, and I know he has had a useful and a happy life.' —'The Congregationalist.'

A Suitor's Recommendation.

While in North Tonawanda, New York, recently, we enjoyed a brief conversation with the Rev. James Moss, whose early ministry and ours began in the same locality. He knew very many of the persons we once knew. He told of a local preacher who had a beautiful daughter named Phoebe, whose hand was sought by a devoted young Methodist named Darling. When Phoebe told her father what was up, the old man went to his book-case and took down the missionary reports covering a period of twenty years. He found Darling's name down at first for an annual contribution of one dollar, then for two dollars, then five, then ten, and latterly twelve. He replaced the books and turning to his daughter said, "It's all right, Phoebe, go ahead !" When Mr. Darling came at length to ask the local preacher's consent for his daughter's hand, he found him ready with a hearty, 'Yes.' A happy marriage followed and a new Methodist home was soon joyously dedicated.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Thy Hand.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly.
'O mother, take my hand,' said she,
'And then the dark will all be light.'

We older children grope our way,
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee.
—John G. Whittier.

Correspondence

A book is offered as prize for the best letter sent in before the end of January. We would again remind our correspondents to write clearly on one side only of the paper. Address all letters 'Messenger Correspondence.' Next week we will give an 'Honorable Mention' list of all those whose letters we have not had room to print. We are pleased to receive so many letters with their kind wishes and interest. Look up on the map the towns from which the letters are written; you will find it an interesting way of learning geography.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We have had the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and watch for its coming every week. I have three brothers and two sisters. I go to Sunday-school.

LILLIAN (aged 10).

Glencoe, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Glencoe is a small but very pretty place. It is situated about four miles from the Restigouche River, and is altogether surrounded by mountains. The land between these is very level, and has many very pretty shade trees all over the valley.

There is a brook running through the town which is very picturesque. Some places the sides of it are low, with large beeches; other places, the sides of the banks rise into steep bluffs through which the water flows very rapidly. We are having a new railway run through here, which is, I think, partly spoiling the beauty of the place, but will open up a country that will be worth a trip through. We always look forward to the mail day on which we get the 'Witness' and the 'Messenger.' We have been taking the former for about thirty years and the latter about twenty-seven, and think there are no papers like them.

MAMIE.

Woodstock, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the pretty town of Woodstock, Ont. It is surrounded by railways. They manufacture furniture, pianos, stoves, brooms, bicycles and many other things. We have a creamery factory grist mills and saw mills. We also have a fine court-house, a hospital, a house of refuge, and several fine churches.

HAROLD E.

St. Catharines.

Dear Editor,—We live in the country in a frame house, and keep a small farm. I am ten years old, and am in the fourth book. We had a gathering of all the Sunday-schools of the city in our church on Thanksgiving day.

CARRIE C.

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I used to live in Vancouver, and know 'Blanche.' I like my teacher very much. We have lots of snow here, and good skating. I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. We can't do without it.

MELVIN G. J.

Nantyr.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school. I like reading the correspondence very much. I have four sisters and two brothers. We live in a pretty part of Ontario, near Lake Simcoe. We have boating and bathing during our summer holidays.

JENNIE (aged 10).

Lower Selma.

Dear Editor,—We have a dog named Robinson Crusoe, and a cat named Timothy, and a canary bird named Charlie. We have taught Crusoe some tricks. He will kiss us, and will stand up on his hind legs and beg for food: and also he will shake hands. He is a brown dog, with bow legs and long ears. Papa says he is a water spaniel.

CLARA (aged 11).

Salmon Creek.

Dear Editor,—I belong to a Mission Band called 'Little Jewels.' We are studying about the mission work in Trinidad. My oldest brother and I belong to a lodge called the 'Loyal Crusader,' and we learn about the evils of intemperance.

EDNA (aged 8).

Union, Ont.

Dear Editor.—My pets are a cat, a pair of pouter pigeons and a little pony. My pony is so little some folks call it a big sheep, but he is bigger than that. He is strong, and sometimes when we want him to go over a bridge he is a little stubborn. He will come in the house if we let him. He will kiss me and shake hands, and will beg for something to eat, and bow.

NINA (aged 12).

Teeswater, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would like if Jane Katherine M. would write again, as my mother came from Scotland and has seen the places which she mentions.

J. A. (aged 12).

Hawkesbury, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy of eight. I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger.' I get it in the Sunday-school every Sunday. I have one brother but no sister. I have a dog and a marmoset that came from Brazil; it looks something like a squirrel, but it has a tail much longer. I have a horse named Dewey. My papa goes to sea. He is going to join his ship in Boston.

WILLARD (aged 8).

Bouchette.

Dear Editor.—I came from Scotland; there were one hundred and twenty-nine boys came with me from the Orphan Home. I was glad when we started for our journey, although I was very sick for a couple of days, and was glad when we arrived again at Brockville, where we rested for several days. I have two brothers; they came out with me. I am living in a small place now. There are three little girls and one little baby boy seven months old named Clifford. I like the place very well. I have a pet dog; his name is 'Guess.'

ALEX (aged 12).

Lorne.

Dear Editor,—I live beside the lake, and I think it is a very pretty place to live in the summer. We have a boat and we set nets every fine night and get lots of fish. There is a little island about a quarter of a mile from the shore called Stoney Island, which we often row out to.

B. E. R. (aged 12).

Campobello, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have a brother, Johnny, seven years old. I live on an island, and can watch the boats and vessels as they pass.

EVA MAY (aged 9).

Dunnville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think it sad for the people of Dawson City, and I heartily join with Miss Etta, of St. Catharines, in sending Christian papers up there. The town of Dunnville is a very pretty place on the Grand River, and is five miles from Lake Erie.

EMMA R.

Jackson.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. We live in a country village. There are two churches and one school-house about one mile from here. I have four brothers and two sisters.

LILLIAN PEARL (aged 9).

Maplegrove.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the correspondence in the 'Northern Messenger,' of which my brother is a subscriber. I have two pets cats and two dogs. I go to school regularly, and like my teacher well. I am also learning to play on the organ, and to accompany my brother Herb, who plays on the violin.

LLOYD (aged 8).

Glen Levit, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in a place where there are more than a dozen pretty high mountains. They look very nice in autumn, when the leaves are colored. They are very dark looking now, even though the ground has on its carpet of snow.

JAMES (aged 10).

Gladwin.

Dear Editor,—We all go to school. We like our teacher very much. The school-house is one-half of a mile from our home. My father is an engineer. I have relatives in Canada.

LENA M. H. (aged 10).

St. Etienne, Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to school all the summer, but do not go to school in the winter, for it is too deep snow. I had a garden at school, but all the flowers froze. My cousins came from Colorado last August to see us, and we had a pleasant time with them.

FLORENCE ISABELLA (aged 10).

North Troy, Vt.

Dear Editor.—My sister subscribed for the 'Messenger' for me. She used to take the 'Messenger' when she was little. I have about two miles to walk to school. We have one horse, seventeen hens and two cats.

MURIEL (aged 11).

Bouchette.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I have not got any pets but my books, and I would not part with them for a great deal.

MAUD.

Gorrie.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper for more than four years, and have found it very good. You had some very good illustrations for Prohibition, and I am very glad it passed. I have a darling little sister. For pets I have a dog named Toby, a calf and a sheep. I am pleased to see one of our neighbors, Annie G., writing.

S. R. J. (aged 10).

Glen Sutton.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. My papa is a clergyman, and has taken fifty copies of the 'Messenger' for the Sunday-school for the last year. There is beautiful scenery around here.

H. A. J. L. (aged 8).

Their First Party.

Have you ever had a letter all to yourself? If so, little reader, you will know how delighted little Dorothy and Jack Masters were, when they came down to breakfast one morning and found that the postman had actually brought them a big letter all to themselves. They couldn't wait until mother came down to read it to them, but clambered upstairs in a big hurry, and rushed pell-mell into her bed-room, begging her to read it at once and quickly.

'All right, my dearies,' said kind mother; 'let us all sit down on this big chair, and see what this big letter is all about.'

And what do you think it was? Why, an invitation from Robbie and Phil Bowden to a party at their house on the next Tuesday evening!

'Oh, how lovely!' shouted Jack,

'Can we go, mother?' said little Dolly.

'We'll see about it,' said mother; 'but now let us go down to breakfast, or father will be waiting, and that will never do.'

So down they all went and told the great news to father, and showed him the letter, which he said should be framed, as it was their first! But, then, father was always such a tease, as Jack said.

After the meal was over, mother took Dolly into the town, and bought a beautiful piece of white cashmere to make the party frock; and then how busy mother was for the next day or two, cutting out and fitting on that pretty dress, and how wildly excited Dolly grew as it approached the last few finishing touches!

When the day really came at last, there was great sorrow because it was a wet day. The rain poured down, and seemed determined to go on pouring all day long, so that Dolly was quite afraid she would not be allowed to venture out. But mother said she could have her old cloak on, and run along with nurse as quickly as possible. So off went the happy pair, looking a pretty pair, too, with their rosy smiling faces. Oh, how charming it all was! Dolly dreamt of that party for months afterwards, and of all the pretty things that there were and the beautiful time that they had.

All over the house there were pretty fairy lamps and Japanese lanterns, hanging from the ceiling and decorating the rooms and passages. In the nursery there was a large tree, ornamented all over with little colored candles, and with lovely toys of all descriptions hanging from its branches. After tea all the little guests went into the nursery, and each one of them received a present from this tree. Dorothy had a doll dressed as Little Red Riding Hood, and Jack found his present was what he had longed for for a long time past—a horse and cart! Then after the tree was stripped of all but the candles and lights, they had all sorts of games —'Blind-man's-buff' being the general favorite.

That evening seemed to rush along, and the children were all surprised when it was announced that supper was ready. And, oh, what a supper that was! The table seemed loaded with all sorts of dainties and delights. Crackers were there in abundance, and the children started the feast by exploding these and revealing their hidden treasures. Inside of them were all sorts of quaint and curious caps and masks, with which they all adorned themselves and wore throughout the merry meal, and very queer sights some of them looked, I can tell you. Jack had a large dunce's cap on his head, with the word 'Dunce' printed round it in large red letters, and little Dolly was gay in a gilt crown, which made her look quite a small queen of beauty.

After supper more games, and then, alas! nurse came and demanded that her small charges should be delivered up to her care once more; and reluctantly they said good-night to their little playmates, and earnestly thanked their hostess for their lovely evening. And then what do you think they found awaiting them at the door? Why, mother had actually sent a cab to fetch them home; and they much appreciated not having to trudge through the cold and wet, for the rain had kept its resolution, and still steadily poured down.

What a tired and happy couple of bairnies they were that night, and what chatter-boxes they were all the next day! Poor mother declared they quite made her head ache with their chatter.

For many days after they could talk of nothing else but the party and its delights, and it was a very long time before either Jack or Dolly forgot the pleasure of that evening.—'Adviser.'

Boy's Conquest.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

It was Roy's birthday, and the table was covered with his gifts, though one would have said that he had everything that heart could wish before.

'You have had a very happy day, haven't you?' said mamma, as she sat down by Roy's bed for their usual good-night talk.

Roy smiled assent.

'But I have been thinking all day,' continued mamma, 'of the little boys who do not have such happy birthdays. Just think of all the books and toys and games you have, and then try to imagine how it must seem not to have any at all.'

'Not a single one, mamma?' cried Roy. 'Why, there isn't any little boy but has some, is there?'

'Yes, dear,' answered mamma, 'I saw one yesterday, I went to see his mother, to get her to do some work. The street where they live is narrow and dirty, the houses old and shabby. Mrs. McGowan lives in a little room on the fourth floor. They have only that one little room, Roy, and there is only one window in it, and it was so hot and close! And, laddie, there is a little boy just your age shut up in that dreary little room, where he cannot see anything but the roof of another old house. He has some trouble with his back, and has never walked. His mother is gone all day long most of the time, and this poor little boy hasn't any books, or toys, or games. Aren't you sorry for him, and wouldn't you like to give him some of yours?'

Now you would suppose that Roy would say yes at once, wouldn't you? But, do you know, instead he began to wonder which he could spare, and, somehow, he could not decide upon the one he wanted to give up. He was sorry for the little boy, ever so sorry, but—

'Dosen't my little boy, who has so many things, feel willing to give this poor, sick little boy anything?' asked mamma, sadly.

'Why, yes, mamma, only I don't see what. I couldn't give him anything you or papa gave me, and grandpa and grandma would feel bad if I gave their presents away, and I like to keep everything Auntie and Uncle Will gave me, so what can I do?'

'Very well,' said mamma, gravely. 'You must decide for yourself. We should understand why you gave our gifts away, and be very glad to see that you were trying to make some one else happy. What was your Golden Text last Sunday?'

'Freely ye have received, freely give,' repeated Roy, rather reluctantly.

'Remember that, dear. God wants us to share our good gifts of all kinds with others. I think it grieves him when we refuse to do so. And now good-night, my dear little son!'

Somehow, Roy felt very uncomfortable, and could not get to sleep for a long time, and the next day it was just the same. He did not enjoy even his new playthings, for he kept thinking of that poor little boy alone in that dark, dreary room. What if he had to change places with him? Oh, dear, that was too dreadful even to think of for a moment!

'I guess I should just hate any horrid, stingy little boy who would not give me anything,' he thought.

By and by he went and got out all his prettiest and choicest treasures, and looked them over.

'If I didn't have anything, and I knew a boy who had lots, I should think he might give me some of his very best things, 'specially if I was sick and all,' was Roy's next conclusion. And so, presently he chose some of the things he liked best of all, and carried them to mamma.

'I want the little boy to have these,' he said bravely, 'and some time when he gets tired of these I will give him some more.'

'Thank you, dear,' said mamma, with a very happy smile; and do you know Roy was sure that he had never been so happy before in his life? Can you tell why?—'Christian Work,'

The Model Little Girl.

Frisky as a lambkin,
Busy as a bee—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see.

Modest as a violet,
As a rosebud sweet—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Bright as is a diamond,
Pure as any pearl—
Everyone rejoices in
Such a little girl.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove—
That's the kind of little girl
Everyone will love.

—'Sunday Hour.'

The Missionary Pig.

'If you'll feed him and keep the sty very clean, changing the straw every day, you shall sell that pig for your missionary money,' said papa.

So the boys called it the missionary pig, or 'Missy,' for short. Every day the sty was made clean, and every day the pig grew bigger. He knew the boys very well, and ate his meals quite like a gentleman,—for a pig. One day in the fall, papa said: 'Boys, I can sell that pig now, if you want to.'

Very sober faces met this, for the boys found they had grown fond of the pig. But they knew papa was wiser than they were about it, so the pig was sold, and the money all given for books for those lonesome Western Sunday-schools.

The boys had said, 'Pity they can't have Sunday-school books to read! They haven't got much else Sundays.' And so they are able to help.—'Mayflower.'

When I Am a Man.

'When I am a man, I'll not worry and scold,
Or growl at the weather if too hot or cold;
I'll not use tobacco, nor drink wine or beer,
And of everything bad I'll be sure to keep clear.
I'll try for the good of others to plan,
And be a brave soldier, when I am a man.

'When I am a man, I'll let little boys
Have fun, if they do make plenty of noise,
I'll feed the beggars who stop at my door,
And give of my wealth to the ailing and poor;
I'll strive to be honest, and do what I can
To make the world better, when I'm a man.'

Said grandma: 'Why wait till you're grown? Right away
Commence your reform. Begin with to-day;
You may never be old, nor rich, nor yet great,
And many a blessing you'll lose while you wait.
Strive to be and to do the best that you can,
And life will be sweeter when you are a man.'

—'Temperance Banner.'

How Helen Helped.

(A. L. Noble in 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

There were Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and six Hopkins girls, including the baby. Mr. Hopkins did not count for much; he was always 'looking for work.' He never found it; because what he really was looking for was a drink, and every drink he got took away his desire and ability for good work. Mother Hopkins counted for a great deal; she was forewoman in a dressmaking establishment and her earnings kept the six children, who were bright, good girls. The neighbors pitied the mother of 'all those children.' But they were really all the comfort she had in life. The father was never unkind; he was just of 'no account' anyway.

However, the Hopkinses managed to live very comfortable until one November day, in coming from the shop, Mrs. Hopkins slipped on a wet leaf and broke her leg. When she found herself obliged to lie helpless in her bed the outlook was very dark. She had a little sum laid up for the winter coal, but now that must be spent, and when it was gone there was nothing else to fall back on. Now Helen, oldest daughter, although only sixteen, was a very capable little housekeeper. Her eyes were not strong enough for study, so she had learned how to cook and loved to manage the house. When this trouble came Helen saw her poor mother's worry about daily bread added to her bodily pain. The young girl made up her mind to a plan she had thought of often, and hoped to try when she was older. She did not speak of it until she had taken a few minutes to run around to her Sunday-school teacher and ask her advice. Miss Howard warmly approved of Helen's plan and urged her to begin at once, but to tell her mother, lest Mrs. Hopkins's worry keep her from sleep and needed rest. Helen ran home with cheeks as red as roses, and hastening into her mother's room, said:

'Now, mother, I am going into business! I have taken my first order. Just listen and don't say a word until I am through talking.'

'Never fear, I won't get a chance,' said her mother, trying to smile.

'Well, I have five dollars all my own—that is my capital. I am going to spend it all in groceries, and the Howards are going to buy brown bread of me twice a week, doughnuts on Saturdays, and baked beans often, cake occasionally, if they are all very nice. Miss Howard knows about my cooking, for I have taken pains to let her see specimens in the past—and, mother, she says she will go all about among her friends tomorrow to see if she can get me regular orders. She says she knows people whose cooks have not success with special things that the families are fond of. O, yes; and she wants three lemon pies herself next week for a lunch party!'

Mrs. Hopkins was not so enthusiastic as Helen; because she feared the plan would not really bring in much; but every little was welcome; so she praised her young daughter. Such a busy little woman as Helen was after that! She took good care of her mother, and Jennie, the next sister, helped with the baby. Everyone helped, even the mother. After a little, she could be propped up, and was able to pare apples, seed raisins or beat eggs. For a week or two Helen told her mother just how much she was making; it was not a very large amount, and, after a while, she ceased to make any reports. Mrs. Hopkins thought that she was probably finding out that her plan was not to be very successful, so she did not ask any more questions.

However, one day she said: 'Helen, dear, if you don't make your fortune out of baked beans your new work is doing a great deal. The children love to see and taste the various dishes and what you have over and above your orders is very nice for us all; then, have you not noticed how different your father is? Really it seems like old times.'

Helen understood, for Mr. Hopkins had said that very day that the 'doings in the kitchen' smelt like things in his 'mother's kitchen the week before Thanksgiving.' He had stayed home and been excellent help lifting coal, watching the oven and doing odd jobs. He was a kind nurse, too, and, now that his wife had plenty of time to play checkers with him, or to listen to his long stories, he took good care of her. She did not dare say too much at first, but he let her reason with him about drinking as he had never done before.

Well the day before Christmas Mrs. Hopkins was able to be dressed, to sit up and make one of the gay little group in the kitchen. In a merry voice she asked Helen if she had made her fortune, and what was her surprise to find out that, instead of being in debt, Helen's earnings had paid for food and rent during her illness. The rainy day money was untouched. While they were talking Miss Howard appeared. She came with a scheme to propose. This was that the Hopkins start a regular bakery. We have no time to tell in detail how Helen hired a strong woman to help; how Mr. Hopkins promised to stay home to do a man's work; how it all succeeded. Before the year came around the brave young girl saw the family prosperous and her father a teetotaler.

Not Afraid Of the Storm.

(Ernest Gilmour in 'Temperance Banner.')

It was six o'clock in the afternoon of a stormy March day. Mr. Percy sat in front of a dancing grate fire, trotting his small son, Harry, upon his foot.

'Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman
Ride on a white horse,'

sang Mr. Percy, and then, as he paused, laughing, Harry went on:

'Wings on huh fingers,
An' bells on huh toes
See will hab music
Whe-ever see dooes.'

Mrs. Percy came in from the dining-room.

'There's an awful storm,' she said, 'but one would hardly know it in here, it is so warm and cozy.'

Just then the door burst open, and in tumbled something looking like a huge snowball.

'Why, it is Willie,' said Harry, delightedly, 'he's come to see me; haven't you, Willie?'

Mr. Percy brushed the snow from the visitor. Mrs. Percy rubbed his cold hands, wondering meanwhile what it meant to let a little child out of doors in such a wild storm.

'Where is your coat, Willie? Where is your hat?' she asked. 'And what made you come out in such a storm? Were you not afraid of being blown away?'

'Me isn't 'fraid of de storm,' he said, 'me runned away; me is 'fraid of papa. Me didn't wait to dit mine coat an' hat.'

Mr. Percy lifted the visitor to his knee and sat down near the fire to 'thaw him out,' he said. Mrs. Percy brought a cup of hot broth to help the thawing process. Presently Dinah announced 'Dinner is served.'

While they were in the midst of it there came a loud ring at the side door bell. Before Dinah could answer it, the door opened and a white-scared face peered in.

'Is Willie Clark here?' was asked anxiously.

'Yes, me is here,' called Willie from his seat in the dining-room, 'Tum in, Sallie.'

It was Willie's nurse. She went in.

'Oh, he did give us such a scare,' she said to Mr. and Mrs. Percy. 'He never ran away before, and then to go in this awful storm! Come, Willie, you must go right home this minute.'

'Me isn't doin',' declared Willie, stoutly. 'Me is 'fraid of papa.'

And nothing that Sallie said or did could induce him to go.

After dinner Willie and Harry had a jolly play in the pleasant sitting room, although every little while the former sighed and a look of fear crept over his sweet face. At half-past seven his mother came.

'Come, dear,' she said coaxingly, and he clung to her, kissing her over and over, but he still insisted that he 'couldn't go.'

'Me is 'fraid of mine papa,' he said. Mrs. Clark's face flushed. Mrs. Percy said gently:

'Let him sleep here to-night, dear Mrs. Clark, Harry would love to have him for a bedfellow.'

It was about ten o'clock the next forenoon when Mr. Clark awoke. He felt dazed. His head ached. At first he could not believe that he had actually been drunk. He had been 'indulging' for some time, but he had no thought of going beyond a certain amount. His face grew hot with shame when he met his wife, but she greeted him in her usual gentle, sweet way. There was no reproach in her face, but she was very pale. He looked about the house as if he missed something or somebody. Presently he asked:

'Where is Willie?'

'Over to the Percy's,' she answered; 'he has been there all night.'

'All night to the Percys!' he exclaimed; 'what for? Why did you let him go?'

She looked him in the eyes.

'I did not let him go,' she said, 'he went. He ran away. I sent Sallie for him, but he wouldn't come. Then I went myself with no better success.'

'Why did not you make him come?' he asked.

'I did not have the heart to make him come when I found out the reason of his running away.'

'What was it?'

'He was "afraid of his papa,"' he said.

He felt as if he had been wounded sorely. His little boy, his only child, afraid of his father! He could not bear the thought.

'What did I do?' he asked hoarsely. 'What did I say when—I—came—home—drunk?'

'You did as other drunken men do, you staggered. You said what other drunken men say—cruel things. You called little Willie a "brat" when he ran to meet you, and you struck him. He would have been injured if I had not caught him.'

'Was I such a brute? Oh, Lord, have mercy on me!' said he, falling upon his knees. When he arose he put on his overcoat and hat and went over to the Percys. 'I want my little son,' he said, brokenly; 'I'll never make him afraid again, God helping me.'

And he never did.

At the international temperance congress at Brussels, Dr. Maharin Viege declared that alcohol was a factor of mortality almost as important as tuberculosis. A few years ago the president of the British Medical Association, Dr. Long-Fox, declared that alcohol carried off more than cancer and tuberculosis combined.

LESSON XIII.—DEC. 25.

Review, or Christmas Lesson.

Hebrews i., 1-9. Memory verses, 1, 2. Read Luke ii., 1-20.

Home Readings.

M. Heb. i., 1-9.—God hath spoken to us by his Son.
T. Isa. ix., 1-7.—The promise of Christ's coming.
W. Ps. ii., 1-12.—'Thou art my Son.'
T. John xvii., 1-26.—'Thou hast sent me into the world.'
F. John i., 1-18.—'The Word was made flesh.'
S. Col. i., 1-29.—'The image of the invisible God.'
S. Luke ii., 1-20.—'Unto you is born . . . a Saviour.'

Golden Text.

'For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'—Luke ii., 11.

Review Text.

'Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts.'—Mal. iii., 7.

Lesson Story.

JESUS IS GOD.

Jesus is God! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night;
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Master and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God;
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God! there never was
A time when He was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot.
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are His!

Jesus is God! let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord.

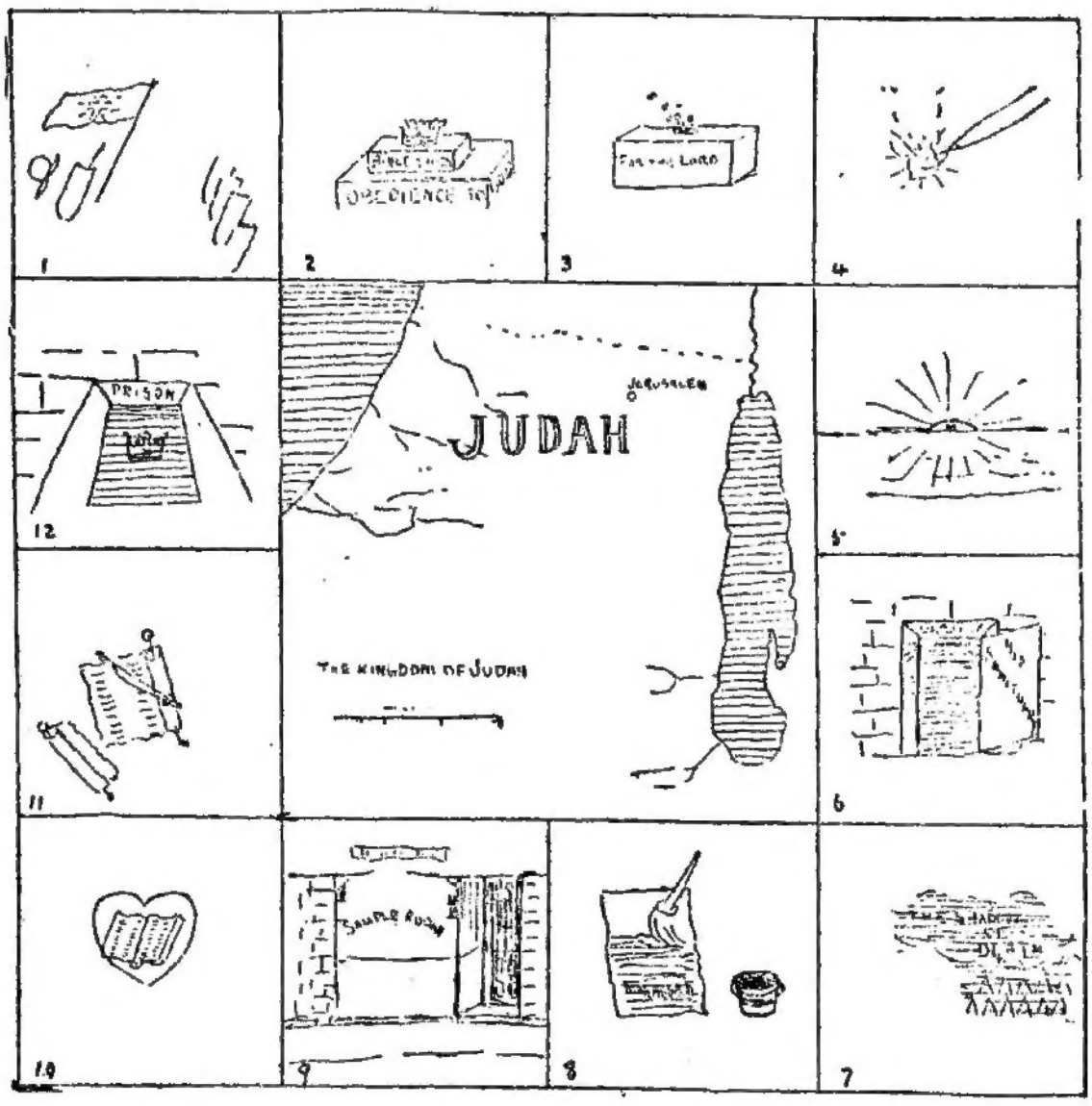
Jesus is God! oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud,
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

Jesus is God! if on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

—F. W. Faber in 'Sacred Gems.'

Review Commentary.

Lesson I. tells of the good king Asa who did much to reform Judah and strengthen the kingdom. His victorious encounter with Zerah the Ethiopian is a valuable example of trust in God and one we would do well to emulate. Lesson II. illustrates the powerful and far-reaching influence of example. Because Jehoshaphat walked in the first ways of his father and David, he walked in God's commandments, and not after the doings of Israel. This was the secret of his strength. The Word of God in the heart makes a man of God in the life. Lesson III. contains some thoroughly practical truths concerning the care of God's house and the giving to his cause. Applied to the wheels of church machinery they would settle many difficult questions and put new inspiration and joy into Christian service. Lesson IV. describes Isaiah's vision of God's holiness and his own uncleanness, after which a Seraph comes with a live coal of promise, places it on the diseased spot, and his besetting sin is immediately taken away and he is ready to go wherever the Lord sends. Lesson V. prophesies the restoration of Israel under the Messiah, the peaceableness of his kingdom and the gathering in of the Gentiles. Lesson VI. gives a graphic description of the fourth historic Old Testament Passover celebration. Hezekiah's letter is a living testimony to his thorough piety and deep-seated interest in the welfare of God's people. Lesson VII. tells of God's wonderful deliverance of Jerusalem, in answer to the prayer of Hezekiah. Lesson VIII. is the fifteenth chapter of Luke in the Old Testament. Utter unworthiness and selfishness on the part of the prodigal; grace abounding and mercy magnified on the part of an insulted God. We can hear Manasseh say with Paul: 'For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me . . . Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe.' (I. Tim. i., 16.) Lesson IX. was the Temperance Lesson. Too much of the Review hour cannot be spent in emphasizing this vital subject; and in impressing its important bearing on home, social, religious and national purity. Lesson X. telling of the finding of the book of the law. The results of its discovery are a warning to the owners of dust-covered, hidden or unused Bibles to search them and see whether they are deserving of the wrath or favor of God. Lesson XI. relates king Jehoiakim's wicked attempt to destroy Jeremiah's roll. But, as the Lord had hidden its words in Jeremiah's heart and hid Jeremiah himself, another copy was soon written. Lesson XII. is the account of the invasion of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the carrying captive of king Zedekiah and the slaughter of his sons and princes. Such are the sad results of a sinful career.—'Arnold's Commentary.'



Lesson Illustrated.

Review day again, and once more we look back over the three months of lessons. Though being both Christmas Day and the closing Sunday of the year, we may instead think of the Christmas joys or sum up the year's loss and gain.

First: ——'s victory over enemies who were twice as strong. Second: the foundation upon which ——'s crown rested strong and secure. Third: gifts flowing in for repairing the ——. Fourth: the coal that touched ——'s lips and will touch ours when we are willing. Fifth: the dawn of ——'s kingdom that the prophet saw. Sixth: the doorposts and lintel blood sprinkled in memory of the —— feast that was kept by king —— in Jerusalem. Seventh: the answer to prayer that brought deliverance to the king and death to the army of ——. Eighth: the repentance of king —— wherefore God blotted out the record of his sin. Ninth: our temperance lesson, the place we will not enter. Tenth: the book that was found in the ——, and where the king put it when found. Eleventh: foolish king —— and the foolish way he took to get rid of God's message. Twelfth: the place to which sin brought king ——. In the centre the kingdom of Judah never more to have crowned king save him whose crown of thorns was fit emblem of the sinful land for whose sake he bore it.

Lesson Hints.

This Christmas Sunday should be specially utilized as a time of decision. If possible, the teacher should speak to each scholar separately, urging on him the necessity of utter consecration to the Saviour whose coming we celebrate. A review of the lessons of the past six months should bring out with startling distinctness the awful result of the sin of forgetting God. The results of evil companionship are shown in the lives of most of the bad kings, whose weakness and selfishness, if given to God, might have been converted into strength, purity and righteousness.

The good kings were only good and strong because they sought the Lord with their whole heart and set themselves to keep his law.

No one is too young to serve God; little king Josiah was only eight years old when the burden of the kingdom was laid on him.

Suggested Hymns.

'To us a Child of hope is born,' 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' 'It came upon a midnight clear,' 'Jesus saves,' 'Joy to the world,' 'Once in royal David's city,' 'As with gladness,' 'Praise him!' 'Come to the Saviour.'

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Dec. 25.—Truths taught by Christmas.—Luke ii., 8-20.

HOUSEHOLD.

How to Root Slips.

Take a shallow dish and fill with sharp sand; wet this very wet; but not so that it will be muddy, or so that the water will stand on the surface. Insert the slips in this sand, and never let it get dried out; this is the secret of success—keep the sand wet all the time, and remember that it dries out rapidly.

If you want to root a geranium slip choose one that is strong, large, healthy and not woody.

Almost anything will root in this wet sand. If you want to root a good many slips, a box or something that could be covered with glass would be best. Fill this partially with sand, and have no drainage; insert the slips and cover with glass, put the box in a sunny window and raise the back end so that the box will be thrown with its entire surface to the sunshine. Slips will root rapidly, and when well rooted they may be transplanted.

If you begin sufficiently early you will have plants for summer blooming, and those that have bloomed during the winter may take a rest and have their buds pinched off to fit them for service another winter. It is a fact that a plant will produce more flowers as it grows older if it is cared for. Of course plants may get too old, but I think this is the exception rather than the rule.

Now a word about potting rooted slips; these must be handled with care, and here is where the novice makes a mistake. Do not put a tiny rooted slip or a good-sized rooted slip into a big pot; use a very small one; it will not put the plant back to transplant it from time to time; it will do it good; it will make it strong and stocky, instead of growing up spindling and weak.

Use drainage always in the bottom of the pot, and for the first potting use rather poor soil, and put sand about the roots at first. When the plant is well established, and growing well, then transplant it to a pot one size larger, and use as good soil as it may require; if you use the regular flower-pots the potting is an easy matter, as the plant may be taken out with all the dirt about its roots, and reset without much trouble.—'The Household.'

Left-Over Dishes—Vegetables

(By Emma Louise Hauck Rowe.)

Very tempting dishes may be fashioned out of left-over vegetables, and be served under the more dignified name of escalloped vegetables. These may be cooked and served in individual dishes, but where there is a large family it is much more sensible and equally as well to cook in one dish.

Prepare your left-over cooked vegetable—beets, potatoes, cauliflower, carrots, cabbage, rice, or any other that you may have on hand—by mincing, cubing or slicing, as preferred.

Make a plain white sauce by melting one table-spoonful of butter in a saucepan; stir in smoothly two level tablespoonfuls of flour, and add gradually about one cup of previously heated milk, stirring it perfectly smooth and free from lumps. Add salt and pepper to taste, and according to the previous seasoning of the cooked vegetables. Grease your baking-dish to about one-fourth from the top.

Mix the white sauce with the prepared vegetable, and put some into your baking-dish. Over the top sprinkle some buttered cracker or bread crumbs. Do not have your baking dish more than three-quarters full. Bake in the oven until fully heated through and browned very nice on top.

With rice and cabbage, cheese can be grated over the top instead of buttered crumbs. This is a very simple way of making an attractive new dish out of what might otherwise have been very plain left-over.—'Christian Work.'

How to Clean Egg Spoons.

Place on the discolored spoon a good pinch of salt. Rub it well into the spoon and in a few seconds it will be quite free from discoloration. Rinse the spoon in a little water. If the weather is cold the salt may want to be moistened with a drop of warm water.

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Chapter vi.

"JACK OF ALL TRADES."

Time was when a man had to make his own shoes, harness and tinware. That time has passed into history. But still it is handy to have a kit of tools for repairing purposes. One does not want to have to go to the village or to town to get a little repairing done that he could do in a few minutes had he the tools. Such work is interesting, too, and wiles away many a pleasant hour which during the winter season would otherwise drag slowly by.

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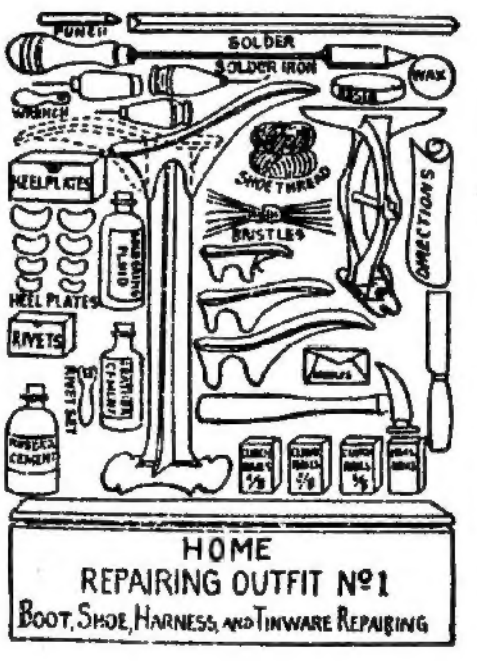
1 Shoeknife.
1 Peg Awl Handle.
1 Peg Awl.
1 Wrench for Peg Awl Handle.
1 Sewing Awl Handle.
1 Sewing Awl
1 Stabbing Awl Handle.
1 Stabbing Awl
1 Bottle Leather Cement.
1 Bottle Rubber Cement.
1 Bunch Bristles.
Ball Shoe Thread.
1 Ball Shoe Wax.
1 pkg Clinch Nails, 4-8 in.
1 pkg Clinch Nails, ½ in.
1 pkg Clinch Nails, 6-8 in.
1 pkg Heel Nails.
4 prs Heel Plates, ass'td sizes.
6 Harness Needles.
1 Harness and Saw Clamp
1 Box Slotted Rivets, assorted sizes.
1 Rivet Set for same.
1 Harness and Belt Punch
1 Soldering Iron, ready for use.
1 Handle for same.
1 Bar Solder,
1 Box Resin,
1 Bottle Soldering Fluid,
1 Copy Directions for Half-soling, etc.,
1 Copy Directions for Soldering.



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In its issue of Dec. 1, the 'Prairie Witness' says:—'Now is the time to decide upon what papers you are going to read during the year, and we hope to give you some assistance in this matter.

'First we say—what we believe no one will dispute—that the Montreal 'Witness' is by far the best educator in Canada. Other papers give reliable news and discuss politics well, but besides this, the 'Witness' gives what is of vastly more importance—wholesome reading for the home. Every boy and girl reader of this ideal paper will be the better all the years of life for having read its columns, and mature readers will find plenty of nourishing food in every issue.

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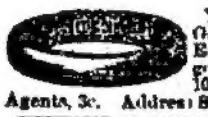

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'